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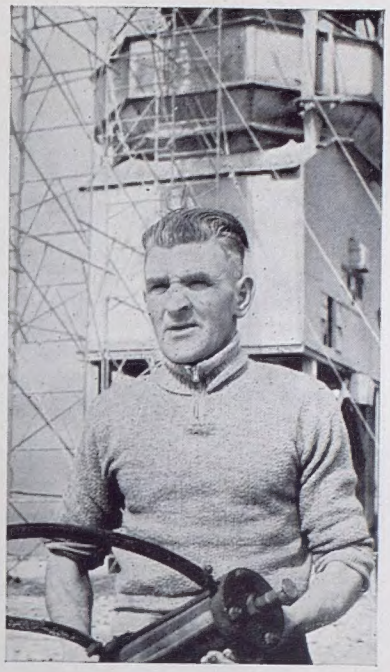

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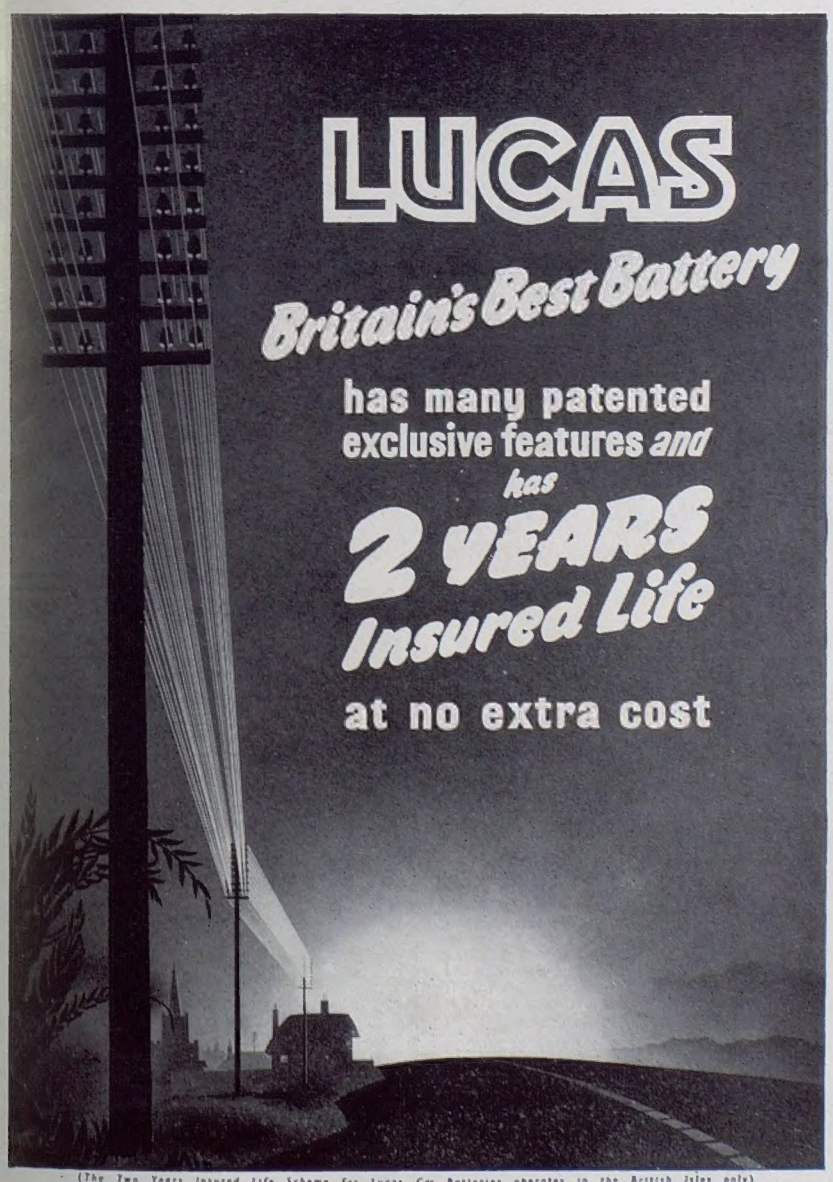

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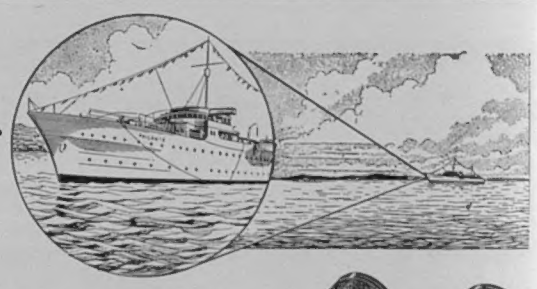

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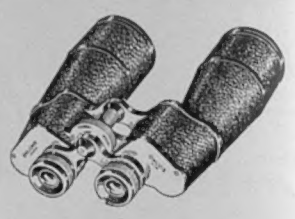

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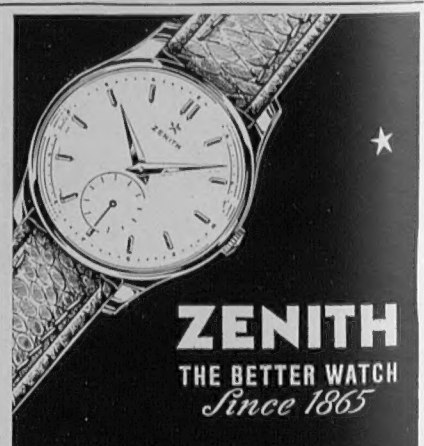

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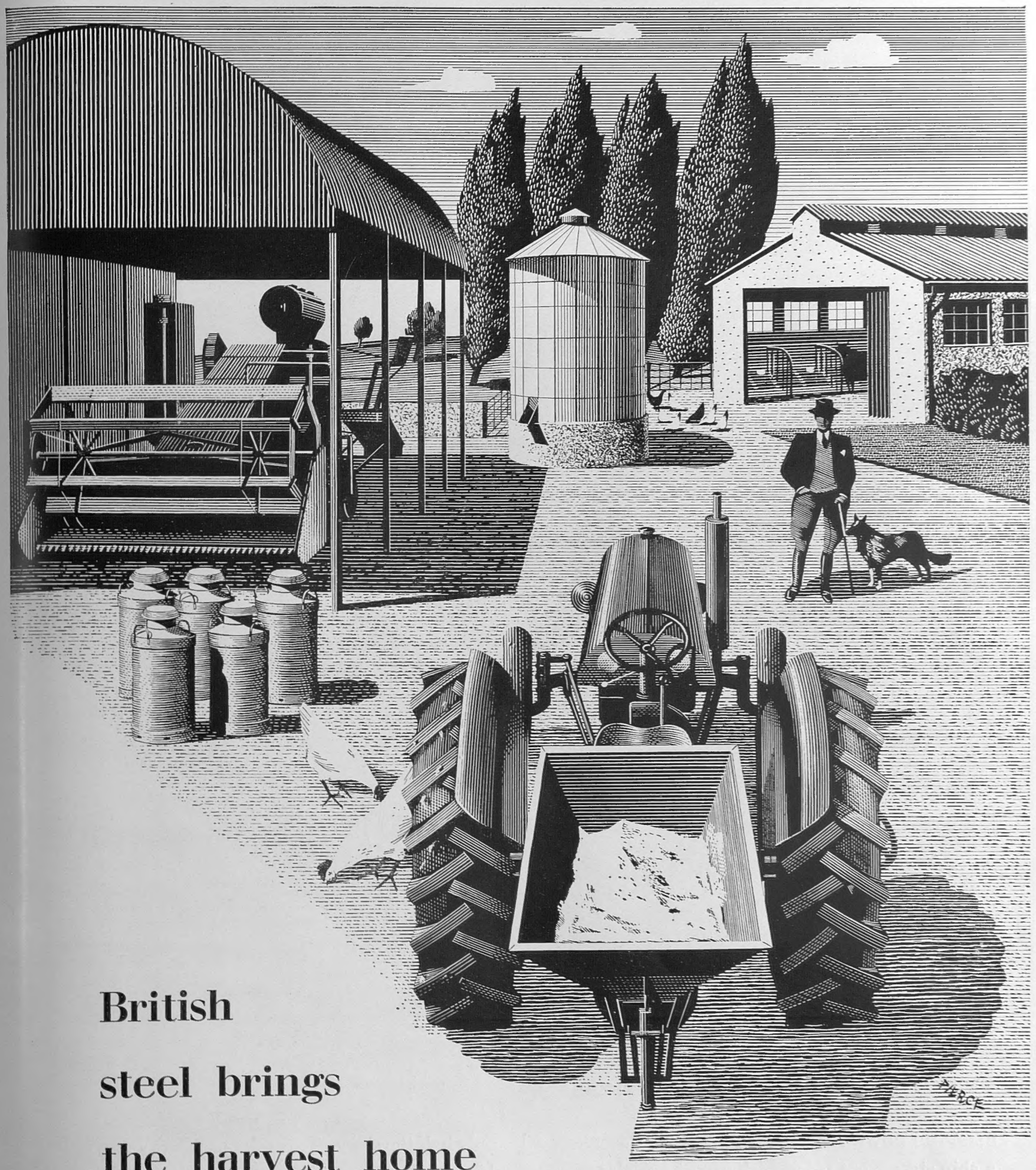

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S.83

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Volume CCXVIII No. 2847 The SPHERE, London, September 4, 1954

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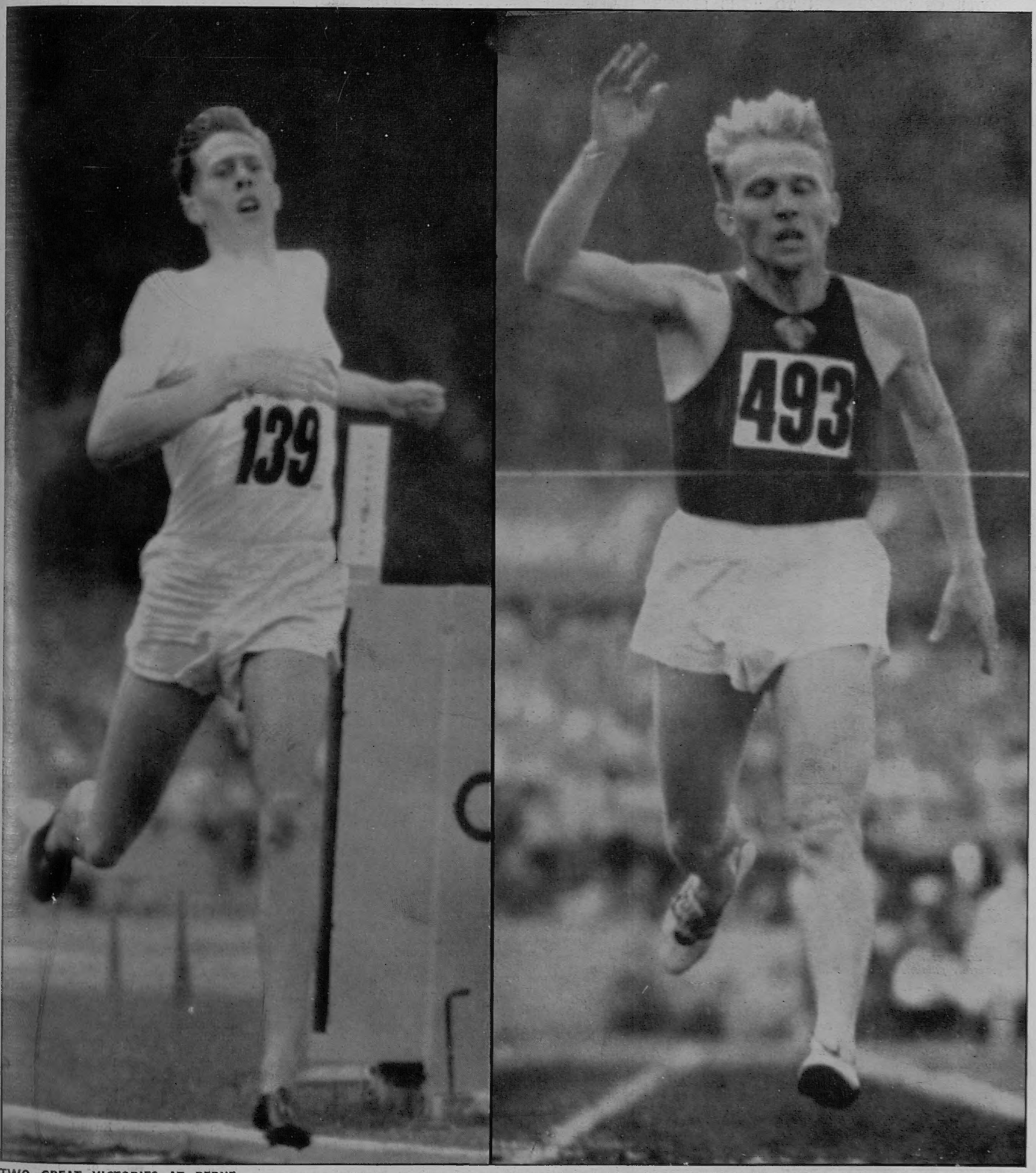

TWO GREAT VICTORIES AT BERNE—DR. ROGER BANNISTER, OF ENGLAND, AND VLADIMIR KUTZ, OF RUSSIA, WINNING THE FINALS OF THEIR RACES AT THE EUROPEAN ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS: Bannister won the 1,500 metres from Nielsen (Denmark) in 3 mins. 43·8 secs., thus establishing a new championship record; while Kutz created a new world record in the 5,000 metres by completing the course in 13 mins. 56·6 secs. He beat England's Chataway and Czechoslovakia's Zatopek.

The European Athletic Championships at Berne came to an end last Sunday with the establishment of new records set up by some of the world's finest runners. In the 1,500 metres England's Dr. Roger Bannister, fresh from his victory in the Empire Games at Vancouver, crossed the finishing-line ahead of Nielsen (Denmark) after taking the lead near the last bend. His final sprint in the last 300 yards of the straight proved too much for any of his challengers, and he won by nearly five yards. Bannister's time was just two seconds off the world record. Another thrilling race was the 5,000 metres, in which Vladimir Kutz gained a great victory for Russia, by setting up a new world record of 13 mins. 56·6 secs. He raced ahead soon after the start and gradually extended his lead from ten yards at the end of the first lap to nearly 100 yards at the finish. Chataway and Zatopek were his two main challengers, C. J. Chataway eventually passing the runner from Czechoslovakia in the last 100 yards or so. At the close of the Games Russia had received 16 of the 35 gold medals, but they had also entered the highest number of athletes. (See also page 361.)

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO

THE CHRISTENING OF THE CZAREVITCH IN THE CHAPEL OF THE PETERHOF PALACE IN 1904: Princess Galitzin holds the Czarevitch during the infant's baptism. She is given formal assistance by General Richter, on the left, and Count Woronoff Daschoff, on the right. After the gorgeous ceremony, attended by Royalty from many European countries, a salute of 301 Peterhof guns was fired. The young daughters of the Emperor were not present in the chapel, but, attended by their governesses, they witnessed the procession from Alexandria Palace.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

1954 IN THE HIMALAYA

A Survey of this Year's Expeditions by Hugh Merrick

Illustrated with Maps and Photographs; and Special Drawings by Victor Coverley-Price

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Paying Our Debts.—We may have been a little too optimistic about Mr. Butler's achievements. Last month's tell-tale figures failed to show a cost-of-living index pegged or falling, although there seems to be a fair margin of profit which might help to bring retail prices down. In fact, the rise of 3 points was sharp, surprising and painful. On the other hand, Mr. Butler has now wiped off our remaining dollar debt to the International Monetary Fund with a cheque for £40,000,000, and our slate is clean again and we are a little nearer to the day when the £ will be free. Moreover, the rise in the retail price index can largely be discounted by the end of rationing and the natural disturbance of prices which followed it. The index had been exactly pegged for more than a year. And people clearly had more to spend and were ready to pay for what they fancied. Employment was never higher, wage rates have steadily risen and earnings have soared. Saving and spending have managed to increase hand-in-hand, and the spending has gone on solid goods of permanent value in the home and not on drink and circuses. Nor does the fear of inflation raise its head among the statistics. There is a distinct improvement in the past year in the value of our exports and no corresponding increase in the value of our imports. There are grounds for a little optimism, without complacency.

Brussels Conference.—It was obvious that the Brussels Conference would produce deadlock in the first exchange of views between France and Germany. M. France told the six-Power delegation that no Government in France would or could have ratified the treaty in the form in which the four Powers ratified it. I dare say that statement caused no surprise last week. But it would have done so months ago when hope and expectation were expended over French ratification. M. France's plan was perhaps set forth as a basis of compromise, since it eliminated the whole spirit of E.D.C. by rejecting the supra-national *sine qua non*, by giving to each signatory "a veto right on major issues." What definition attaches to a "major issue," before or after strategy had "taken over" from diplomacy? One could imagine the plight of the Supreme Commander as he waited to know whether Nation A would allow its troops to march against the enemy. But M. France considered that this "change of a single word" would not require re-ratification by the Powers which signed in 1952. This idea seemed to me rather on the lines of a customer ordering a Cheddar cheese and accepting without question a lump of chalk. Cheese or chalk, the French plan raised in Dr. Adenauer suspicion of discrimination against Germany, and on that issue M. France expressed every willingness to examine and eliminate any such anxieties. Yet to the other parties, including Italy, it is clear that the French plan to modify the "supra" in "supra-national" must make E.D.C. a scrap of paper and its fine army a paper army. Four days of talk led to no results, and then M. France flew to England to seek a formula from Sir Winston and Mr. Eden, who cut short his Austrian holiday. What can a wizard find to say, especially one who must himself remain outside the circle, though essentially attached to it? It is no use to tell a twice-burned child to dread the fire less than the far bigger and more menacing iceberg. And anyway, a treaty patched and hedged with formula and reservation will disintegrate in a very mild breeze.

Smog.—The fog which settled on London on December 5, 1952, has long since made history and perhaps added a word to our language, though new words are apt to be re-makes, like golf-balls. People knew at once that that fog was more than a "London particular," to be shrugged over and forgotten. But the authorities were quite complacent for months. At last after eighteen months of sifting evidence from hospitals and inquests, the Health Ministry has issued a quaintly-titled report (how the scientists revel in long words!), and some of the facts and findings are startling and shocking, especially since nothing whatever has been thought out to abate the danger or protect the citizen. A blanket of moisture unusually dense collected and concentrated in deadly strength a mixture of sulphuric oxide gases belched from power stations, factories and domestic chimneys, and 4,000 people in London were killed directly, choked to death. Most of the victims suffered from weak hearts or lungs, though not all. There was a 50 per cent. rise in sickness benefit the week following. No city in the world ever had so high a death-rate as in that Smog December in London. It has been estimated that 2,000 tons of sulphuric acid are released into London's air every day and 9,000,000 tons of it in a year over England. And nothing whatever has been done about it or, so far as the experts can foresee, *can* be done about it for years to come. It is a disturbing thought. There is an even mean between panic and complacency, between "summoning Parliament" and getting some experts down to exploring avenues. We have been encouraged to become electric-minded, to cook and warm ourselves by gas and electricity, and so to abate fog. Hence those big chimneys which belch sulphuric acid in concentrated form. This seems rather a vicious circle, especially in a capital of 8,000,000 souls, whose invalids are kept alive (not cured) by the new wonder drugs just so long as the air they breathe is not abnormally poisoned. It is at least possible to imagine the anxiety which will be visible on the faces of Londoners on the first day of the next abnormal fog, and some sort of effort is instantly called for to allay what now is a very natural anxiety.

St. Michael's Mount.—Lord St. Levan has handed over St. Michael's Mount, which stands on its 20-acre island off Marazion, to the National Trust. The gift follows much the same pattern as in the case of Petworth. The family will continue to live in a part of the Castle. There is an endowment fund to keep up the Castle and show-rooms, less certain excepted properties. The chief rooms shown include the fourteenth-century chapel, the refectory, the armoury and the blue drawing-room, and the objects of art in these rooms are loaned to the Trust. The connection between the English and the Brittany castles of St. Michael derives from a grant by Edward Confessor of the English monastery to the Abbey of St. Michel, and the Abbot of the latter began the work of restoration at the English mount in the twelfth century; but most of the surviving antiquity is of the fifteenth century. The Mount has many legendary connections; with Joseph of Arimathea, trading tin with the Phœnicians, with Jack the Giant-Killer and with Tristan and Iseult, among other famous worthies. At low water the Castle can be reached dry-shod along a causeway from the mainland.

Highland Jaunt.—When motors were rarities and uncertain goers, I used to explore the cathedral cities of Southern England with a pioneer of

A FOREIGN GATHERING AT A PERTHSHIRE GROUSE SHOOT

AT DRUMOUR LODGE, PERTHSHIRE, EIGHT VISITORS FROM ABROAD ASSEMBLE FOR GROUSE SHOOTING: From left to right are: Mr. C. W. Deeds, from Connecticut; Mr. Stig Moller, from Copenhagen; Mr. R. S. Oelman, from Ohio; Mr. A. W. Peake, from Chicago; Mr. S. C. Allyn, the host, who is President of the National Cash Register Company, from Ohio; Mr. Max McGraw, from Illinois; Mr. D. S. Thrall, from Massachusetts; and Mr. W. Patterson, from Ohio. The party's measure of success is not reported; but so far this season has not been noted for large bags.

automobiles, and one way and another we saw a lot of historic places. And nowadays I often deplore the fact that there is never time on a journey to stop to see some passing beauty. A fact it is, one must try to do one's 250 miles in an eight-hour day to get to the Highlands on the third day, and the time now taken in the average English cathedral city to find a safe parking-place and queue up for the place of pilgrimage makes stopping an impossibility. I drove one stage from Oxford to Kendal and on my route were many shrines I should like to see or see again. Aynhoe Park (an hour of pure delight), Warwick, Kenilworth, Lichfield, all full of interest; I would willingly have halted at all of them. But to halt at even one of them must throw out a schedule based on "two nights on the road." Those who in a small, even modern, car manage to average 32 m.p.h. on an eight-hour run through industrial England in summer are not doing so badly, and even that is possible only with the briefest halts for refreshment and no accidental halts. So it is that as far as sight-seeing is concerned, your car must be as eyeless as a train, except for the beauties of passing scenery. Nevertheless, I was agreeably surprised by an improvement in the roads north by the shortest route. The Warrington-Preston section was much less congested than I expected on a Saturday, and thence all the way to Stirling via Carlisle and Gretna and Abington the roads were excellent and progress good.

Indian Summer.—Even in a year which has provided a summer of sorts in summertime, I look forward to a spell of Indian summer in autumn, and I have usually derived more enjoyment and benefit from the October sunshine when it shines on us benignly for a settled fortnight (as it often does at that time of year) than from the sultry periods in July which we knew (in our youth). But when I speak of Indian summer, I mean Anglo-Indian. Certainly I should not welcome the summer enjoyed this year in India. A Calcutta correspondent recently informed us that at Cherrapunji between June 1 and August 6 there was an abnormal precipitation—to wit: 338.9 ins. of rain fell; 122 ins. above normal. We must count our blessings and discount our grouses. That fall was worse than in West Sussex between those dates when 6.81 ins. fell on us, and (as it seemed to us) the clouds leaked perpetually and the sun never shone. What do we know of rainfall who only Sussex know? And even Cumberland or Pembroke is not Assam or Cherrapunji. We must acquire a sense of proportion and destroy our grouse before the Twelfth of August.

Sports and Games.—We like to be precise. In the Silly Season we have a chance to split hairs, and we have been concerned lately with the shameful misuse of the word "sport." It has been applied to running and jumping events. "Sportsmen" are angry. "Sport," they say, comprises huntin', shootin' and fishin'. I don't know if they would include rattin' and ferretin'. Certainly they won't stand for runnin' and jumpin', except when horses do it. Racin' is the sport of kings. But apparently to call the Vancouver or Olympic events "sports" is just a shocking misnomer. "Tests," I suppose, might pass. Anyhow, this loose designation as sports of human beings engaging in running and jumping is no modern corruption. Shakespeare applied the word "sport" very loosely. Old Kaspar's granddaughter sported on the green and no one objected at that time, and the most exact and meticulous schoolmasters have suffered the school "sports" to take place without protest for a century and more. And now that huntin' and shootin' are not what they were, the word "sport" is large and generous enough to absorb a few competitors of a manly sort. Not, perhaps, croquet. Not, perhaps, table-tennis.

Not Sparing the Rod.—A recent paragraph in the "Newsletter" concerning a headmaster who gave one stroke of the cane to every boy in his school because the offenders did not "own up," brought me one or two letters from correspondents recording similar instances of mass punishment and recalling famous headmasters who wielded the cane to excess. Keate of Eton, of course, who once flogged eighty boys in one day merely as a routine matter. Less well known was the famous master of Reading Grammar School, Dr. Richard Valpy. A Jersey man by birth, and of a family of great antiquity on the island, he was educated at Normandy and later at Southampton and Guildford Grammar Schools. He graduated at Pembroke College, Oxford, and was appointed to Reading Grammar School in 1781. At that time it was in a very depressed condition, but under his guidance, which continued for fifty years, the school was raised to its highest standard. He inspired an intense personal affection among his pupils, despite the fact that he had the reputation of being the hardest flogger of his day. Subsequently, his boys raised a statue—wrongly described in *D.N.B.* as a bust—to his memory in St. Laurence Church, Reading. He became Rector of Stradishall, Suffolk, and twice refused a bishopric. That delightful historian and raconteur, the late Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, has related that an irate parent once visited the school to bewail the fact that, in his opinion, his son had been punished with undue severity. The Doctor was fully prepared for him. Telling him sternly that it was *his* school and that he intended to keep order there, he concluded: "Yes, and if you come here again with your silly complaints, I shall do the same to you!" A street in Reading is named after Dr. Valpy.

THE OLD STAGER

THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS IN ROMAN CAERLEON

ENGLAND'S LARGEST ROMAN MILITARY SITE: A colonnade of shops which was unearthed during excavation on the site of the Roman Legionary Fortress at Caerleon, ancient capital of Wales.

Under the direction of Dr. V. E. Nash-Williams, Keeper of Archæology at the National Museum of Wales, excavation was started last June on the civic site of the Roman Legionary Fortress at Caerleon, near Newport, Monmouthshire. It is clearly one of the most important archæological sites in Europe. Dr. Nash-Williams has recently stated that Caerleon, with its fellow fortresses at Chester and York, formed the Romans' major line of defence in Western England. In 1926 excavation was started by the National Museum of Wales on the Roman Amphitheatre, which is now preserved. The latest excavations have definitely brought to light the Legionary civic settlement, situated outside the south-west ramparts of the 49-acre fortress, where the wives and families of the Militia were quartered. Besides structural discoveries, such as shops and a street, pottery, glass, ironware and jewellery have been found. Tentative examination suggests that the remains of a complete Roman town lie to the south-west of the present site, and it is hoped that future search will bring to light a still wider range of relics.

On left—

EXCAVATORS AT WORK: Volunteers clearing a Roman culvert in which domestic pottery was unearthed during the recent excavations at Caerleon.

ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE: The informal scene on the pier at Naples as the King and Queen of Greece greeted their guests before boarding the *Agamemnon* to go on the twelve-day luxury cruise around Greece. In the foreground are, from left, Princess Irene and her mother, Queen Frederika of Greece; ex-King Michael of Rumania with King Paul of the Hellenes, Princess Sophia of Greece, and ex-Queen Anne of Rumania.

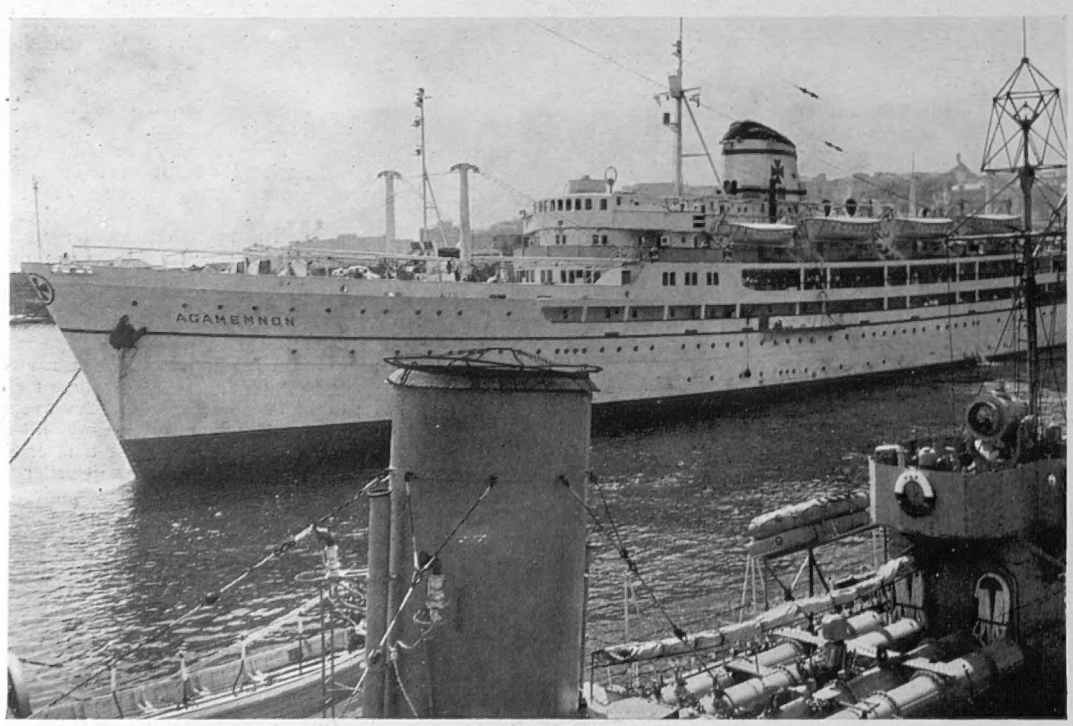
ROYAL HOLIDAY

The Greek Liner "Agamemnon" takes some Ninety Members of European Royal Houses on a Luxury Cruise at the Invitation of the King and Queen of the Hellenes

The comings and goings of Royalty have proved so irresistible that it was but a logical step that kings and queens, past and present, should eventually lend themselves to a successful advertising campaign. The trip of the *Agamemnon*, with some ninety personages from the Royal Houses of Europe aboard, advertised the delights of the islands around Greece and the historic places of Greece itself, and King Paul and Queen Frederika made most charming guides on this conducted tour. But the trip also publicised the distinguished guests who took advantage of the Greek Government's invitation to enjoy a fortnight's luxury cruise in the Ægean and Mediterranean sunshine.

The names of the Royal Houses represented must alone have evoked memories. Apart from the hosts and Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, no other reigning monarchs were aboard. But former kings were well to the fore, including King Umberto of Italy, King Michael of Rumania, and Prince Simeon of Bulgaria. No such gathering would have been complete without the two Pretenders, Don Juan of Spain and the Count of Paris of France. There were representatives of the Royal Houses of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, Luxembourg, Yugoslavia, Russia and Bourbon Parma. And there was a profusion of German Princes and Princesses, among them members of the Houses of Baden, Bavaria, Hanover, Hesse, Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Lippe-Schaumburg, the Mecklenburgs, Schleswig-Holstein and Wurtemberg. It was stated that no member of the British Royal Family was able to accept the invitation.

Informality was said to be the rule, both on board ship and at the beauty spots which the tourists visited. It was open-neck shirts and no jackets for the men, pleasant summer dresses and head-scarves for the ladies. Everybody on board made it clear that they were out to enjoy themselves as Royal personages, even when they are in exile, are seldom allowed to do.



THE "AGAMEMNON" LEAVES NAPLES HARBOUR: The 5,514-ton liner, built in Italy last year, and now the luxury yacht for some ninety members of European Royal Houses, leaving on her cruise. In the foreground can be seen the destroyer *Navarinon*, in which King Paul and his family travelled from Athens.

KING PAUL AND HIS FAMILY ARRIVE IN NAPLES: Aboard the Greek destroyer *Navarinon* are, from left, Princess Irene, Queen Frederika, King Paul and Princess Sophia. In Naples the King and Queen welcomed all their guests with the exception of ex-King Umberto of Italy and his family, who joined the cruise at Corfu.

THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE PARTY BOARDING THE LINER: Prince George of Greece, who is eighty-five, is preceded up the gangway by his wife, Princess Marie. Prince George is the Duke of Edinburgh's uncle. The cruise took the Royal passengers from Naples to Corfu, Crete, Rhodes and the Piræus before returning to the Italian port.

HOLLAND'S PRINCESSES WERE THERE: Princess Irene, left, and Princess Beatrice, two of the daughters of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, arrived with their parents by air to join the cruise of the *Agamemnon*.

A QUICK CUP OF COFFEE AT NAPLES: Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands at the airport lounge shortly after his arrival in Italy. With him are General Fiore, of the Italian Air Force, and right, Admiral William M. Fechteler of the United States Navy, who is Commander-in-Chief of the N.A.T.O. forces in Southern Europe.

ASSEMBLING BEFORE DEPARTURE: Some of the Royal tourists in the Hotel Excelsior in Naples. From left are Prince and Princess Viggo of Denmark; Princess Margaretha of Sweden; Princess Astrid of Norway; Princess Margrethe of Bourbon Parma, and behind her, her son, Prince André, and Princess Margaretha of Denmark, her sister-in-law.

A HAPPY PICTURE IN THE ITALIAN SUN: Queen Frederika of Greece with her three children leaving the Greek destroyer at Naples to board the *Agamemnon*. From right are Princess Sophia, who is sixteen; Crown Prince Constantine, who is fourteen; and twelve-year-old Princess Irene, who was born in South Africa.

FIRST STOP—CORFU: Strolling through the grounds of the Palace of St. George and St. Michael on the Greek island are, from left, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands; ex-King Umberto of Italy, who joined the party on the island, and King Paul and Queen Frederika. Following on immediately behind can be seen Prince George of Greece.

THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN THE FAR EAST, NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA AND EUROPE

A CHINESE NATIONALIST OUTPOST IS RAIDED BY COMMUNIST FORCES: A Nationalist soldier standing guard by an observation post on the island of Quemoy, only a few miles from the Chinese mainland, which can just be discerned in the distance. A small commando raid by Chinese Communists was made on the island, and a prisoner was captured. This came within a week of Mr. Chou En-lai's statement that China would eventually have to attack Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's stronghold of Formosa and the islands, like Quemoy, between it and the mainland.

BEN AMMAR PAYS A TACTFUL CALL DURING HIS VISIT TO FRANCE: The newly-installed Tunisian Prime Minister, Ben Ammar (left), with Habib Bourguiba, leader of the Tunisian Neo-Destour (Nationalist) Party. At right is the Tunisian Minister of State, Mohammed Masmoudi. Habib Bourguiba, who is in exile and under the surveillance of the French Government at Montargis, is still one of the most powerful of Tunisian leaders. It was a tactful gesture on the part of Ben Ammar to visit Habib Bourguiba while he was in Paris for his talks with the French Government on the plans for the granting of Home Rule to Tunisia.

On right—

THE FIRST NEGRO TO ATTEND A MEETING OF THE UNITED STATES CABINET: Mr. James E. Wilkins, second from right, last month became the first negro ever to attend a Cabinet meeting in Washington. Mr. Wilkins, who was formerly a Chicago lawyer, is Assistant Secretary of Labour in the Administration, and was deputising for the Secretary of Labour, Mr. James Mitchell. Also seen in this group are, from left, Arthur Summerfield, Postmaster-General; Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, Secretary for Health, Education and Welfare; Herbert Brownell, Attorney-General; and Richard Nixon, the Vice-President.

THE SCREENED WITNESS AT A CONGRESSIONAL INQUIRY: With her face protected by a screen, Madame "X" takes the oath before giving evidence before the sub-committee of the House of Representatives Committee on Communist Aggression, which is inquiring into Hungarian affairs. During the three-day inquiry a number of Hungarians now resident in the U.S.A. gave evidence of atrocities, lawlessness and perversions of justice committed by Soviet soldiers, officials and Communist Governments.

IT WAS FESTIVAL-TIME IN VENICE: Gondolas packed with holiday-makers jammed the Grand Canal for the annual Festival of the Lamps in Venice. The large, enthusiastic crowds on the Canal and on the banks are seen listening to an orchestra playing from the brightly-illuminated float in the centre of the picture.

NO INK AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT: The Duchess of Kent discovers that there is no ink in the fountain-pen handed to her by the Mayor of Quebec to sign the city's guest book, as Princess Alexandra (extreme right) and Aldermen and their wives look on. The Town Clerk later produced his own pen. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter had arrived in Quebec at the beginning of their Canadian tour. Among the Duchess's engagements was the opening of the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

AN ERA COMES TO AN END IN BRAZIL AS PRESIDENT VARGAS COMMITS SUICIDE : *On left*—Senhor Jose Cafe Filho, the Vice-President (centre), receiving newspaper reporters and friends after it had been announced that President Vargas had agreed to leave his post for ninety days. At right, on crutches, is Carlos Lacerda, the opposition news editor. It was shortly after this picture was taken that President Vargas shot himself, and Senhor Cafe Filho became President. *On right*—Some of the demonstrators who paraded the streets of Rio de Janeiro following the announcement of the death of President Vargas. They are seen carrying a portrait of the dead President, and demanded that shops in the Brazililan capital close as a mark of respect. In many other towns of Brazil there were demonstrations in favour of President Vargas, and in some cases there were clashes with the police, and a number of people were injured. President Vargas, who had, on and off, ruled Brazil for twenty-four years, committed suicide at the climax of yet another political crisis which threatened his overthrow. When an attempt was made to assassinate the vigorous opposition editor Carlos Lacerda, the assassins failed to kill him, but instead killed an Air Force officer. This was turned to good account by President Vargas's opponents, many of whom were senior officers in the Air Force and Army, and the blame for the outrage was laid at the door of the President's own bodyguard. A series of disturbances, backed by the insistent demands of the Service officers, appeared to have convinced Vargas of the wisdom to retire for a while. But instead, he put an end to his eventful life, bequeathing his death to the "hatred of my enemies."

THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS CONTINUES IN INDO-CHINA : The view of the Prisoner Reception Centre which Viet-minh prisoners see on arriving at Vietri, 40 miles north-west of Hanoi, from the south. There has been much unfavourable comment in Paris on the way the repatriation and exchange of prisoners is being carried out in Viet Nam. While some 12,000 Viet-minh troops have been returned, fewer than 3,000 French Union forces have been handed over, of whom barely 600 are Frenchmen. What is more, only about ten French officers of 280 known to be in Viet-minh hands had at one stage been released. It is believed that the Viet-minh are carrying out a propaganda campaign among Foreign Legionnaries and French Colonial troops to persuade them to return home via Pekin and Moscow. Recruiting is also said to have begun for volunteers to "liberate" Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria.

BANNERS AWAIT THE FREED VIET-MINH : Women awaiting the arrival of Viet-minh prisoners who are about to be repatriated at Vietri. Because of the flooding of the Red River the exchange of prisoners had to be postponed for a time.

ZIGZAG OF DEATH—A DERAILMENT IN ILLINOIS : The wreckage of the streamlined express train, the Santa Fé Chief, after it had left the rails at Lomax, Illinois. Four people were killed and more than fifty injured when the train also collided with a number of refrigerator cars standing on an adjoining track. *On left*—Some of the wrecked carriages. The thirteen-carriage train, which runs from Chicago to Los Angeles, was carrying 235 passengers when it was derailed near the small town of Lomax, about ten miles from Fort Madison, Iowa. The locomotive and the mail coach were the only ones not to be derailed. Ambulances were rushed to the scene of the accident from places as far away as Chicago, but local police and hospital workers had the situation under control.

E.D.C. CRISIS in the FRENCH ASSEMBLY

Tension mounted at the end of last week as the day of the E.D.C. debate in the French Assembly approached. On the Friday before the start of the debate, a full meeting of the Council of Ministers was held which lasted four hours. After it, M. Mendès-France announced that members of his Government would maintain unity throughout the debate, would vote unanimously on questions of procedure, but would abstain if the final vote were upon the report which recommended the rejection of the Treaty, provided that no compromise was possible.

"Mr. France" spoke for nearly three hours on the first day of the debate. He emphasised the utmost conviction of his belief that the modifications proposed by him at Brussels could have been accepted by both sides. But, during the five "painful and even humiliating days" of the Brussels Conference, France had been faced by a united *bloc* of five countries, all of which were impatient with the uncertainties of French policy. The distance, he said, between French requirements and the satisfaction they had received was so great as to compel him to refuse to sign the five-Power declaration, because he felt certain that Parliament would never have accepted it. The most significant advantage in the ratification of E.D.C., he said, was that it would link western Germany with the western world, and would mean a step towards Franco-German reconciliation. If it were rejected, he went on, Germany would have to be given civil sovereignty, and the question of her rearmament would still remain. He declared that the cornerstone of his Government's foreign policy was the Atlantic alliance, and that it could accept no measure or suggestion contrary to that alliance. In general, M. Mendès-France's speech was a carefully balanced report on the Brussels Conference and a survey of the advantages and disadvantages of E.D.C. Evidently, he was determined not to come down heavily on either side.

"MR. FRANCE" INTERVIEWS THE PRESS: The French Prime Minister, M. Mendès-France, made his statement after a Cabinet meeting at the Elysée Palace, presided over by the President, M. Coty. This full meeting of the Council of Ministers preceded the debate on E.D.C. in the National Assembly. M. Mendès-France told the Press that his Government would remain united, and that there were no resignations among his Ministers, at that time.

THE E.D.C. DEBATE IN THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: *On left*—M. Jules Moch, *rapporteur* of the foreign affairs commission, starts the debate, speaking strongly against pressure from abroad on the French Parliament. *On right*—M. Moch chats with M. Edouard Herriot, Honorary Chairman of the French Assembly, before making his speech, which was interrupted by supporters and opponents of E.D.C. The choice which had to be made, said M. Moch, was to vote for E.D.C. and resign oneself to an arms race without limit; or to reject E.D.C. and refuse to allow Germany to re-arm, while respecting France's alliances.

TEA AND FRUIT AT THE CHINESE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN TRADE: Members of the British Labour Party delegation talking about trade prospects during their visit to Pekin. Seated in front, below a portrait of Mao Tse-tung, are, from left, Mr. Lei Jen-Min, Vice-Minister of Foreign Trade; Mr. Yeh Chi-Chuang, Minister of Foreign Trade; Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Mr. Morgan Phillips (General Secretary of the Labour Party); Mr. Wilfrid Burke (Chairman of the Labour Party), and Mr. Harry Earnshaw (of the United Textile Workers' Association). Sitting behind them can be seen Lord Lindsay of Birker, who is translating the conversation to a stenographer.

LABOUR LEADERS IN PEKIN

The British Labour Party Delegation Interchanging Views with Chinese Leaders during their Visit

FANNING THE FLAMES OF PEACE: Mr. Aneurin Bevan takes an uncharacteristic step to keep cool while sitting among unusual company at a reception in Pekin.

A SPEECH FROM MR. ATTLEE: The leader of the delegation in China speaking at a reception given by the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference in Pekin.

The British Labour Party delegation to China left Pekin for Shanghai and other Chinese cities in an amiable, almost light-headed atmosphere. At a cocktail party given by the Mayor of Pekin everybody was jovial and friendly, and it was noted that Mr. Chou En-lai went out of his way to speak to British correspondents who had hitherto been unable even to live in Communist China. Before leaving on their final lap on the way home, Mr. Attlee and the delegation had a three-hour interview with the Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic, Mr. Mao Tse-tung. This memorable occasion—it was the first time that Mr. Mao Tse-tung had received Western leaders since his accession to power in 1949—was utilised by the Chinese leader to complain of what he found most aggravating in Western policy. This included the rearmament of Japan and Germany, the presence of the United States Seventh Fleet and its effect on Formosa, and most of United States foreign policy in general. It is understood, however, that Mr. Attlee and other delegates made the British point of view on these matters quite clear to the Chinese leaders.

On right—

A TOAST AT THE BANQUET: Mr. Attlee and Mr. Chou En-lai toasting each other at one of the numerous banquets in Pekin.

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AN ANNUAL CALL BY THE "JOHN BISCOE": The Colonial Office's polar supply ship lying in Borge Bay, Signy Island, in the South Orkneys, during a visit to the British dependencies in the extreme south. It is at this island, and at other points in southern waters, that zoologists have been carrying out research work in connection with the elephant seal, which was almost reduced to the point of extermination by whalermen and sealers earlier this century. The herds are now being built up and sealing is controlled by the Colonial Office. The elephant seal has a thick layer of blubber and produces a good quantity of valuable oil. Much of the research work in the southern waters has been carried out under the leadership of Mr. Richard Laws, who has received the W. S. Bruce Memorial Prize, at the Royal Society of Edinburgh, for his work. In the background of this picture is Coronation Island.

A LONELY OUTPOST IN THE EXTREME SOUTH: This Nissen hut, which is used as a store with two years' supply of anthracite alongside, is at Base H, Signy Island, in the South Orkneys.

PROTECTING THE ANTARCTIC ELEPHANT SEALS

Research in the Far South, where Zoologists have been Studying the Elephant Seal's Life-cycle; the Control of Hunting is Helping to Replenish the Depleted Herds

RECORDING THE RATE OF GROWTH: A young elephant seal is weighed at one of the Antarctic research stations. A baby weighing 100 lb. at birth will weigh anything up to 400 lb. after three weeks; probably because of the very considerable fat and protein content of its mother's milk.

The numbers of a cumbersome marine mammal almost reduced to the point of extermination by whalermen and sealers earlier in the century, are being built up again by conservation, with a view to developing an expanding Far South sealing industry. The mammal is the inelegant elephant seal, on land, slug-like in ungainly indolence (except when aroused), in the sea, graceful, not without a good turn of speed, and found away south to the very edge of the polar ice-pack.

Zoologists with British scientific expeditions in far southern waters have been studying the elephant seal's life-cycle during the past seven years, and, while actual research continues among the herds on the beaches, members of earlier expeditions are at work in Britain collating the results of their own work. There are two reasons for this work. The first is to see whether a new edible-oil industry could be built up, using the blubber of the elephant seals found on Signy Island, in the South Orkneys, an archipelago on the edge of the Antarctic seas; and the second, to study this little-known mammal, with a view to the better control and extension of the elephant-seal industry at South Georgia Island.

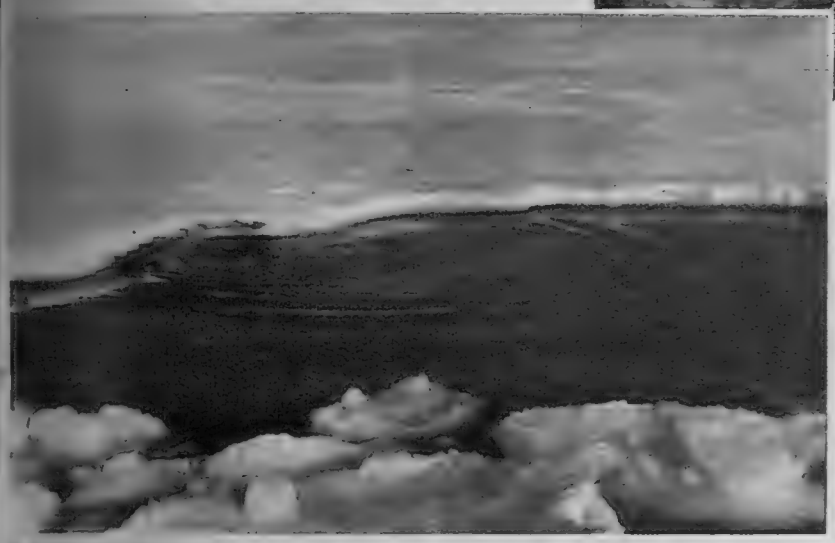
The Colonial Office maintains a number of research stations in the islands between the Falklands and the Antarctic continent, some of which are claimed by Chile and/or the Argentine, who base their claim on the fact that they are an extension of South America, and that, in any case, they are the nearest sovereign powers to them, and therefore have a greater claim to them than Britain. On the other hand, Britain has been established on various of these islands since late last century, when they were used as bases for Antarctic whaling. Under International Law, before a country can lay claim to territory successfully, it must "administer" it. This involves appointing a magistrate to administer the law, a postmaster, and possibly a Customs official. The members of the British parties in the Antarctic are given temporary appointments under the above headings, and thus it can be claimed that the islands are inhabited by British citizens and administered by them, and can therefore be claimed as British territory.

The men at our bases there (the latter now thought to be seven in number) are under contract for one- or two-year periods, and are relieved during the Antarctic summer with supplies and new personnel carried by the Colonial Office's polar supply ship, *John Biscoe*. They include meteorologists, zoologists and surveyors, and their work is extensive. The camp at Signy Island, and the research work carried out there in connection with the elephant seal, is typical of conditions prevailing in other British outposts in southern waters.

Since 1948 three men, under the leadership of Richard Laws, in the South Orkneys have acquired much knowledge about the elephant seal. Of the two varieties of "elephant"—the northern and the southern—the latter is the larger, the males running to 21 ft. in length. The northern variety, once abundant on Juan Fernandez Island and northwards to Lower California, is now rare. The southern variety was once abundant among the rocky, ice-clad knolls and archipelagos of what are now called the Falkland Islands Dependencies, and on flanking islands. But, with their thick layer of blubber, they were slaughtered without

BULL ELEPHANT SEALS RELAX AT THE WATER'S EDGE: On land the seal is "slug-like in ungainly indolence; in the sea, graceful, not without a good turn of speed."

A COW ELEPHANT SEAL CALLS FOR HER PUP: The small scars on her neck are inflicted by the male when pairing.



AN ELEPHANT SEAL—HIS MARK: This picture shows a ring of ripples caused by a 20-ft. seal that has just slipped from the ice into the icy water. He is an adept swimmer, and is found as far south as the permanent Antarctic ice edge.

On right—

A YOUNG PUP IS CARRIED ON A STRETCHER TO THE WEIGHING TRIPOD: Dr. R. M. Laws (left) and Mr. R. A. Lenton (wireless operator) collaborate in this intricate task after taking the pup from its mother. In the left background of the picture is an old whalers' cemetery.

RESTING ON THE BEACH AT SIGNY ISLAND: 10,000 elephant seals visit the rocky shore in the Antarctic winter, but only 200 or so remain to breed. This is not sufficient to allow commercial sealing.

A CAMP FOR ONE: Dr. R. M. Laws spent a month alone at this camp at Dartmouth Point, South Georgia, while performing research work at a near-by elephant seal rookery. One tent served as living quarters and the other as a laboratory.

ENJOYING A "BRIGHT SPELL" OF THE SHORT ANTARCTIC SUMMER: Two members of a British expedition seen outside the official Post Office on Signy Island.

thought for the future by earlier whalermen and sealers. In 1910 the slaughter of these seals was controlled by the Colonial Office, and even though some 200,000 mammals have been taken in South Georgia (from which 63,000 tons of edible oil was produced) since that date, the numbers of this lumbering creature have been built up to a point where a total of 10,000 bulls of seven years or over may be taken annually.

One particular aspect about the research made by the men during the course of one summer was the growth of young seals. It was proved that the baby weighs about 100 lb. at birth and 400 lb. at three weeks, no doubt a reflection on the quality of the mother's milk. The report of this initial work in the wild, glaciated South Orkneys, following Laws' work there, stated that the seal population of Signy Island, although in the neighbourhood of 10,000, was not sufficient to support commercial sealing, as only a few remained actually to breed there.

Richard Laws has also been "south"—to South Georgia—to spend twelve months studying the much larger herds of elephants. The British research station at South Georgia is opposite the whaling station of Grytviken, which is also the base for four small sealing vessels. Laws accompanied the sealers on their hunting trips, landing on the beaches and making a census of the herds, which he estimated at 250,000 seals. To study the herds during the breeding season he set up a tent-camp in one of the bays, and remained there alone. Arising from this research, new regulations for controlling the hunting of elephant seals were made, so that a happy balance might be maintained between the preservation of a small but thriving industry and the safeguarding of the seal.

ITALY MOURNS DE GASPERI

Thousands Pay Homage to the Former Italian Prime Minister at the State Funeral in Rome

Rome turned out in her thousands to witness the State funeral of one of Italy's greatest statesmen, Alcide De Gasperi, who had died at his home near Trento, in the mountains of Northern Italy, at the age of seventy-three. Among the huge congregation at the funeral service were President Einaudi, all the members of the Italian Government and diplomatic representatives, and members of nearly all political parties, including some of his fiercest political opponents like Signor Nenni. Representatives of the Communist Party paid their tribute, but remained outside the church. Britain was represented by her Ambassador, Sir Ashley Clarke, who interrupted his leave in England to attend, and among the many wreaths was one from Sir Winston Churchill.

The death of Signor De Gasperi was a great shock to all sections of Italian life and politics. For although he died in partial retirement, he had always been regarded with the greatest respect which, with the years, had turned into a deep affection. The truth is that De Gasperi was a great European statesman by any standards, and an outstanding one in the post-war world. It was he who guided Italy through the dark years following the armistice, and who almost single-handed defied the Communists to take over control of a shattered and confused country. He set Italy on the road to union with the West within the Atlantic Alliance, and in later years it may well be said that his was one of the most outstanding individual contributions in the post-war fight for Europe. Italy has produced few leaders who can leave such a mark on world politics, and one may have to go back to Cavour to find De Gasperi's peer.

THE LONG FUNERAL PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO THE FINAL BURIAL-PLACE IN ROME: An aerial view of the funeral procession of Signor Alcide De Gasperi, the former Italian Prime Minister, whose death was mourned throughout Italy and in the Western world. In the background can be seen the Piazza dell' Esedra; at right is the ancient Thermæ of Diocletian, now the State Art Gallery.

ACROSS THE PIAZZA VENEZIA: The horse-drawn hearse bearing the body of the former Italian Prime Minister passing the Victor Emmanuel Monument in the Piazza Venezia. The funeral procession began in the Church of Gesù near by, in the centre of Rome, and ended at the basilica of San Lorenzo fuori le Mura, on the eastern outskirts of the city. Shops along the route were closed.

THE LYING-IN-STATE: The coffin of Signor De Gasperi is guarded by Carabinieri and, right, police officers, as it lies in the sixteenth-century Barogue-style Church of Gesù before the State funeral.

On right—

NEAR DE GASPERI'S BIRTHPLACE: Relations of the former Prime Minister at Trento, in Northern Italy, not far from Pice Tesino, where he was born. From left are his son-in-law, daughter and grandson, Signor and Signora Gatti and Giorgio, and Signor Augusto De Gasperi, his brother. The body of De Gasperi had been brought to Trento from his mountain home at Sella di Valsugana, where he died suddenly of a heart attack, aged seventy-three.

WIDOW AND DAUGHTERS AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE: Donna Francesca De Gasperi with two of her four daughters Maria Romana and Cecilia (extreme right) during the funeral service which was held at the Church of Gesù, in Rome.

THE AGITATION FOR UNION WITH GREECE CONTINUES : A view of the square in Thessalonika as the whole town, bearing banners and singing Greek patriotic hymns, seems to have assembled to declare their support for Enosis, the union of Greece with Cyprus.

ENOSIS

The Cry for the Union of Greece and Cyprus is Taken Up in All Parts of Greece as the Matter is Placed Before the United Nations

To coincide with the formal request by the Greek Government to the United Nations for the union with Cyprus, a week of enormous demonstrations was begun throughout Greece. These took the form of huge rallies in Athens and in other parts of the country addressed by political and Church leaders, and everywhere the cry was for Enosis—union between Cyprus and Greece. There were only isolated reports of violence, though in Crete there was an explosion in the garden of the British Consulate. Many of the demonstrators found an excellent rallying cry in the decree of the Government of Cyprus that the anti-sedition laws in the Colony would be enforced. This unfortunate decree is now being allowed to lapse, in the hopes that it will gradually be forgotten.

In his letter to the Secretary-General of the United Nations, the Greek Prime Minister requested that the matter of Cypriot union with Greece be placed on the agenda of the General Assembly when it meets on September 21. The British delegate at the United Nations expressed regret that the Greek Government had found it necessary to take this action.

On right—

SHEDDING BLOOD FOR CYPRUS—SYMBOLICALLY : A doctor and nurse taking blood from a Greek Army Reserve officer at Pyrgos, in the Peloponnese, as Bishop Germanos of Elias looks on, bestowing approval on the proceedings. Twenty other Reserve officers similarly gave blood on the same occasion, as a symbol of their willingness to shed their blood for the union of Greece with Cyprus. Half the blood that was collected was to be sent to Sir Winston Churchill. The other half was to go to Archbishop Makarios, one of the chief leaders of the Enosis movement in Cyprus. After giving up their blood, the officers marched all the way from Pyrgos to Athens, about 200 miles, to deliver Sir Winston's phial to the British Ambassador.

A MORE DIGNIFIED APPROACH IN LONDON : The six women in Greek and Cypriot national costumes, and chained together as a symbol of unity, led a procession of 2,000 Greeks and Cypriots to the Colonial Office to make their demands for Enosis.

On right—

LEADER OF THE CYPRIOT MOVEMENT FOR ENOSIS : Archbishop Makarios, of Cyprus, in full cry in the pulpit of Phaneromeni Church, in Nicosia, where he made his long-awaited speech, the first after the decree on the anti-sedition laws. The Archbishop's speech was relayed through loudspeakers to the largest crowd seen in Nicosia for some years.

A MONSTER RALLY IN ATHENS : Just a small section of the crowd of 175,000 which jammed into the Constitution Square in the Greek capital to demonstrate for Enosis. The mass meeting was addressed by Archbishop Spyridon, of Greece, and a resolution was adopted condemning the "oppressive measures of the British Government in Cyprus," and declaring their intention to fight with all available means for Enosis.

RENDEZVOUS AT FARNBOROUGH

The Background to the Flying Display and Exhibition to be Staged by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors in Hampshire Next Week

By B. J. HURREN

SUCH has become the renown, throughout the world, of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display and Exhibition—this year again presented at Farnborough—that the ordinary reader of the daily Press has already digested many straightforward facts of the show. It is a larger show this year, with 281 member firms taking part (244 last year). The tenting, caravan, and general arrangements are all much improved on last year; and, since the main static exhibition is this year sited on the plateau which commands Laffan's Plain, across to the point where Cody was killed, formidable problems have confronted the Society's exhibition secretary, Mr. H. W. Goodinge.

Some of these problems would horrify, say, the chap who runs Barnum's. For example, there is no general decision or ruling by the Council of the Society that the display shall take place each year. Hence the organising and clerical staff are perforce committed to a year-to-year policy, although it is an open secret that the Industry would, if it could, have a permanent site available for its sales interests. The disruption inevitable to the routine work of the Ministry of Supply at Farnborough, and its associated interests there, is tolerantly accepted *faute de mieux*. However, the uncertainty of tenure does produce a permanent headache, and if, for some at present unknown reason, the Ministry were to decline to allow Farnborough to be used for this great display, then Mr. Goodinge and his Society colleagues under the Director, Mr. E. C. Bowyer, C.B.E., would be confronted with yet another headache.

This fever called Farnborough is the outward sign of a tremendous inner vitality and growth. Each year the Industry presents its current achievement; but a moment's thought will indicate that this can only be a token of what is actually happening in the development and technical progress. For example, the guided weapons will be conspicuous by their absence: the Seventh Report of the Select Committee on Estimates, Rearmament Report, as long ago as March 13, 1953, disclosed that about 1,000 firms were engaged in this work, heading up to twelve major firms. Alas! national security requires a veil drawn over most of this: the Fairey Aviation Company of Australasia is permitted to display an actual R.T.V. (Rocket Test Vehicle), built in Australia. However, it is indicative of the future; rising vertically more than 20 ft. from the stand floor, it looks terrifyingly sinister.

THE SPECTATORS' VIEW OF THE MAIN RUNWAY AT FARNBOROUGH: An artist's impression of a lightweight fighter, the Folland Midge, flying over the main runway which will be used at next week's S.B.A.C. display at Farnborough. There have been sensational reports of the performances of this aircraft, which is powered by an Armstrong Siddeley turbo-jet. Opposite, centre, are the administrative offices of the Royal Aircraft Establishment.

THE STANDARD BASIC TRAINER FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: The Percival Provost is a cornerstone in the structure of planned pilot training. All R.A.F. elementary training, before graduating to the Vampire jet-engine trainer, can be effected on this two-seater aircraft, which is powered by a 550-h.p. Alvis Leonides radial air-cooled engine.

AN AIRCRAFT FROM CANADA WHICH WILL BE SEEN AT FARNBOROUGH: The Canadian de Havilland Beaver II is intended for no fewer than nine officially listed diverse roles. It is available on wheels, floats or skis, and can carry six passengers and cargo for 700 miles. The Beaver will take off and land almost with the ease of a helicopter.

I predict that this year will mark a turning point in aviation. More and more the delta formula is in evidence, and more and more the promise of the helicopter moves to fulfilment. As to this latter, we stand on the threshold of an immeasurable future. The fundamental changes in the conception of an Army announced by the War Office only last month can have an effect that defeats every attempt to pin down the future. It seems to me that the logical development of these plans means that in *both military and civil* affairs the existing inland "lines of communication"—roads, railways, canals, etc.—will be replaced by "zones of communication." Given such a concept as a principle, dispersal against atom attack must follow; and the great hive of humanity at present pinned down and restricted can begin to move as restlessly as bees anticipating the peak day of summer.

Couple with this the fact that the helicopter to-day is, primarily, a financial problem rather than a technical one, and the effect of military finance can be seen to alter the whole picture. With millions invested in the *ab initio* development of the helicopter, all that can be offered so far is a machine of high initial cost and the prospect of running at a loss—a sad fact which the energetic Peter Masefield, of British European Airways, has viewed as the inescapable cost of progress. If we have so far advanced—and the expert eye will readily observe what progress has been made since even last year—with an aircraft which is declared non-profit-making, try to imagine the consequences of a profitable machine! Once the production lines start humming on military orders, then the unit cost of the helicopter must drop from its present, virtually, prototype cost. Once the price drops, the buyers will come forward. As soon as that happens (it may well be by 1960) then watch for a revolution. The history of the world follows this formula: Scientific discovery leads to Economic change which leads to Political upheaval. That is what you may foretell as the helicopters cavort at Farnborough.

The next point to discern refers to the loose phrase: "a cheap aircraft." This can only be a matter of comparison, and whilst we still have the helicopter in mind, it is absurd to regard that formula as "cheap" or "dear" since there is really nothing with which to make the comparison. The helicopter can do things that the orthodox aircraft cannot: it is therefore a fallacy to say that, for example, the Dakota is much cheaper.

Exactly the same argument applies to certain military aircraft. They may be actually cheaper as regards initial outlay, but this is (*a*) because they are smaller in the sense that they carry less load, or the same load a shorter distance, or at some other sacrifice; or (*b*) they are only stop-gap or "partial" aircraft, in the sense that they can perform only one role at a time, as against a multi-role aircraft.

To make this point clear: suppose a multi-role fighter, bomber, or specialist, such as anti-submarine, aircraft costs £75,000—the figure is immaterial and obviously false but serves the purpose of this argument. Now, it would be perfectly feasible to produce a single-role aircraft for, say, £50,000. It is, demonstrably, at least on first sight, "cheaper." But since you have to have two of the single-role aircraft to fulfil the duties of one double-role aircraft, the balance actually swings the other way—the two "cheaper" aircraft costing £100,000, against £75,000.

That is the point behind many staff requirements for the complicated multi-purpose aircraft. The whole matter comes sharply into perspective with, for example, a fully-armed all-weather fighter, the modern versions of which exceed the weight of many a bomber of 1939–45. Concerning this, one remembers the Arab proverb: "The wolf never minds how many sheep there are."

A DELTA-WING RESEARCH AIRCRAFT: The Fairey Delta, which was first flown in 1951 and has long been on the secret list, will be shown to the public for the first time next week. This research aircraft has a remarkably short wing-span, 19 ft. 6½ ins., or only slightly more than half the span of comparable development machines.

A FEEDER AIRLINER FOR STAGES OF 1,000 MILES: The de Havilland 114 Heron 2, elegant in line and satisfying in performance. It is a 14-17 passenger feeder liner, designed to operate with maximum economy and minimum runway requirements for 1,000-mile stages. It has four de Havilland Gipsy Queen 250-h.p. air-cooled engines.

That adage, of course, emphasises quality as opposed to quantity. We have, in current production, three large bombers—the Vulcan, the Valiant and the Victor. At first sight it would seem uneconomic to have three bombers—indeed, in Parliament almost those very words have been used in debate. Why not decide the "best," and concentrate on that one?

The answer follows broadly the theme of "cheap" aircraft. As you will know, no performance figures concerning any of these three bombers have been permitted to be released. That is, we may not disclose (even if we know accurately) the speed, the range, the warload carried. Personally, I would go very much further and say that only the manufacturers and high Service officers will ever know these details from an operational viewpoint.

For example, bomber "A" may be able to fly 10,000 miles, may be able to carry 100 tons, and may be able to fly at 1,000 miles an hour. What is absolutely certain is that it cannot do all these in one operation. It was the custom, however, of certain foreign countries before 1939 to quote only optimum figures, lumped together, as a specific performance. This was patently dishonest and was a practice *never* followed by any British constructor, for the simple reason that the gilt very soon came off that sort of gingerbread, and left the buyer with sawdust in the mouth.

Although no performance figures will be given, regard these three streamlined masterpieces of design and construction and any layman will see that they

(*Continued on following page*)

A NEW VERSATILE GENERAL-PURPOSE AIRCRAFT: The Hunting Percival Pembroke is a transport aircraft which can be adapted for bomb-aiming, general navigational training, or for civilian passenger transport. The Pembroke, which stems from the Prince series, has a crew of two and accommodation for eight passengers in rearward-facing seats.

THE BIG BLACK BOMBER : Strict secrecy is still maintained about the Vickers Valiant B Mark II. The Valiant is one of three big bombers ordered for the R.A.F., and black paint points to its possible use in night operations. Close examination of this picture shows that the wing plan follows the fashion of crescent leading edges.

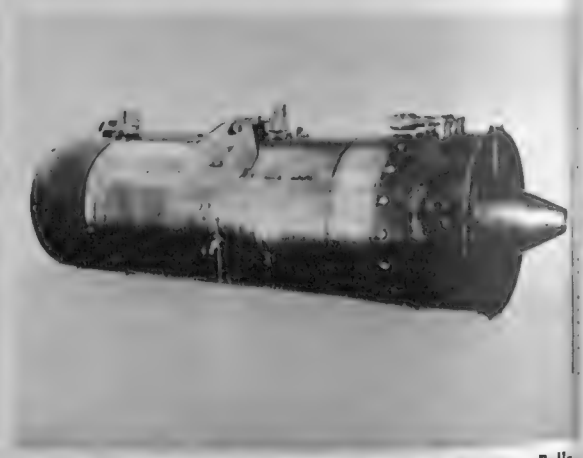
LONG-RANGE MEDIUM BOMBER : The Avro Vulcan, which is powered by four Sapphire engines with a total of more than 33,000 h.p. This "flying triangle" first flew in August 1952, and was the first Avro delta bomber after the company had experimented with three small delta aircraft. It has a wing-span of 100 ft.

THE ONLY BRITISH AIRCRAFT WITH AN AERO-ISOCLINIC WING : The Short Sherpa is an experimental aircraft developed as a private venture by Short Brothers and Harland Limited. With its aero-isoclinic wing, the inclination of the wing to the airflow remains constant along the span despite flexural distortion. It is noteworthy that the Sherpa has a tail fin but no tail-plane. Although not itself a high-speed aircraft, it is hoped that from it a larger aeroplane of great high speed manœuvrability can be developed.

ALREADY IN USE ON A HELICOPTER SERVICE : The Bristol 171, popularly known as the Sycamore, is a helicopter in series production and in service with the R.A.F. It is also used by B.E.A. to link Southampton and London.

TO BE USED IN THE ANTARCTIC THIS YEAR : The Westland S.55, which will be on display at Farnborough. This helicopter can carry six to eight passengers, and will be used in the Antarctic on whale-spotting operations.

A MULTI-ENGINED HELICOPTER FOR USE BY THE SERVICES : The Bristol 173, about 100 of which have been ordered by the Ministry of Supply for use by the Royal Navy and R.A.F. One of its chief roles will be anti-submarine duty. The 173 has a number of distinctive features : one is the supplementary fixed wing at the rear end of the fuselage with vertical stabilising fins. The helicopter also has twin engines, making for additional safety.



THE SMALLEST HIGH-POWERED GAS TURBINE : The Rolls-Royce Soar, the latest addition to the River class of gas turbine engines. It weighs only 267 lb. and is less than 16 ins. in diameter, yet develops 1,810 lb. thrust.

A LONG-RANGE BOMBER WHICH CAN CARRY A FORMIDABLE LOAD : The Handley Page Victor, the third of the R.A.F.'s modern bombers. It has a crescent or scimitar wing formula, the four engines being almost entirely buried in the wings. At the tail end are special air brakes which are opened to produce drag on landing.

ACCENT ON HIGH-ALTITUDE PERFORMANCE : The de Havilland Venom, a fighter-bomber powered by a de Havilland Ghost jet engine. No details of its performance have been released, but it is known to have exceptional high-altitude performance. The Venom combines the roles of interceptor and ground attack aircraft.

FOR BRITAIN'S FLEET OF AIRLINERS : The de Havilland Comet III, whose long nose is a distinctive feature of this new airliner, the first production models of which are expected to be available in 1956. It has accommodation for 58 first-class or 76 tourist passengers, and its normal stage flight will be about 2,600 miles.

RENDEZVOUS AT FARNBOROUGH

(*Continued from page 351*)

have essential differences in size. One, obviously, will be able to accommodate more warload than the other two: the actual cubic capacity, regardless of external stuff, must mean (1) either a very big weapon; or (2) more of a smaller weapon. So, we come back to the "operational role factor," and it must be obvious that there is a perfectly valid reason for each and all of the three big British bombers.

Incidentally, the accent is on quality rather than quantity. There will not be again any 1,000-bomber raids, the mass formations concept of the Italian, General Douhet. The late Chief of the Air Staff, Sir John Slessor, made this point at an Air League lunch at the Mansion House. The initial cost of a modern big bomber and its terrific individual punch are such, that quality must take absolute preference over quantity. The parallel would not be too far-fetched to regard these modern bombers as air destroyers or frigates. Nelson said that there could never be enough frigates, but even Nelson did not want his main battle actions cluttered up with small fry. The modern bomber, compared with 1945 standards, will fly immeasurably higher, carry a vastly greater attack power, and range as far as any conceivable land objective in the world. But—a very big but indeed—it is a selective weapon, not to be employed in mass and by battalions as in the last war.

All this will be evident at Farnborough to "the thinking reed"; but unfortunately the three big bombers are scheduled to fly individually, and the chance to compare them side-by-side in flight will be denied.

It may be appropriate here to remind one and all of the clockwork precision of the control of the aircraft and the exacting limitations imposed on pilots. For the individual demonstrations of aircraft, each pilot is allotted only *four minutes* for his display. He must take off exactly to schedule, position himself in a waiting station adjacent to the aerodrome, and then exactly on time come in to make his display, have a brief spell of glory, then retire and await summons to come in to land. There are approximately forty aircraft flying this year, and the effortless ease and Guards precision which pilots and control effect in harmony is something of which we should all be justly proud.

The sensation of last year was the demonstration of the "supersonic bang," a thunder-clap aimed at the airfield by the Hunter and Swift, whose pilots had to take their machines to about 40,000-ft. altitude and then dive them until, aided by gravity, they exceeded the speed of sound. The aircraft which does not have to dive to attain supersonic speed but can make it in sustained level flight, is not, unfortunately, appearing at Farnborough. It is safe to say that the vast assembly would have been on tip-toes to see the English Electric P.1, powered by two Armstrong Siddeley "Sapphire" jets. However, if disappointment is inevitable, it should be understood that the first flight of the P.1 was only announced on August 5, a bare month before the opening day, and the normal rules require that any new machine shall have completed ten hours' test flying before it is eligible to appear at Farnborough.

What is the significance of this achievement? It is known that the technicians have long been groping for a speed formula of design. With virtually unlimited power to command, the puzzle is how to design an aircraft capable of carrying the power unit(s).

Not so long ago, nearly every aircraft had wings, the leading edges of which subtended roughly at right angles to the fore-and-aft line of the fuselage. Then came the vogue of the swept-back wing in rivalry with the delta; and at the same time the Guided Weapons people had reduced the wing surfaces to fins rather than wings—fins which gave directional control but no lift factor.

English Electric have secured the plum British honour of being first in this great supersonic achievement, and the implications of Britain's entry into the field of supersonic aviation are immense. Note that the Supply Minister said: "Several other supersonic fighter types are in process of construction and will be flying before long." With such a broad hint it will be an interesting test as to how much leaks out at Farnborough in the course of ordinary talk among folk proud of their work and on the threshold of fulfilment.

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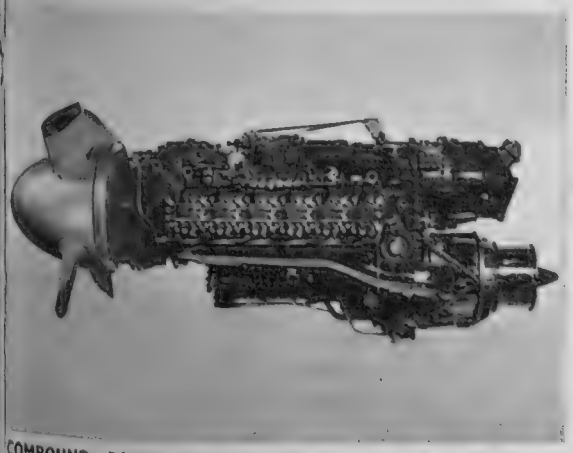
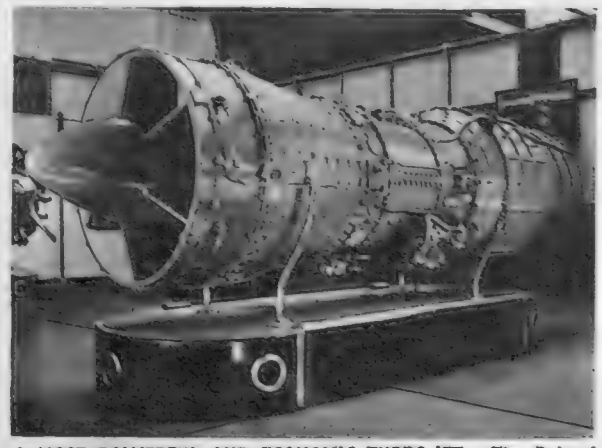


COMPOUND DIESEL ENGINE : The Napier Nomad engine, in which a piston and gas turbine engine are associated to form a compound power unit. It runs on Diesel, and its maximum power at take-off exceeds 3,000 h.p.

THE SNARLER : The Armstrong Siddeley Snarler is a rocket motor weighing 215 lb. and only 12¼ ins. in diameter. Its thrust at sea-level is 2,000 lb. Its fuel is a mixture of Methanol and water and liquid oxygen.



A MOST POWERFUL AND ECONOMIC TURBO-JET : The Bristol Olympus, whose thrust exceeds 10,000 lb. The Olympus, which is a two-spool engine, is specified for the Avro Vulcan bomber and was in the altitude record Canberra.

RENDEZVOUS AT FARNBOROUGH *(Continued)*

THE R.A.F.'S BASIC JET TRAINER : The Percival Jet Provost, which made its first flight just two months ago, is powered by an Armstrong Siddeley axial flow turbo-jet. The aircraft emphasizes the modern side-by-side formula for pupil and instructor.

FOR PHOTO RECONNAISSANCE : The English Electric Canberra Photo Reconnaissance Mark VII. Although the Canberra is moving inexorably towards fulfilment as a bomber, the role of photographic reconnaissance is assigned to it for a long time ahead. The altitude of 63,668 ft. reached by a Canberra last year shows that this aircraft is particularly suitable for the task envisaged for it.

On left—
A NEW POWERFUL EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT : This officially approved view of the Vickers Supermarine 525 hardly reveals the form of this powerful experimental aircraft, which is a development of the 508. Noteworthy are the air intakes on either side of the fuselage nose. The machine is powered by two Rolls-Royce Avon engines.

On right—
AN ADDITION TO THE R.A.F.'S FIGHTER SQUADRONS : The Supermarine Swift Mark IV, which, with the Hawker Hunters, is now re-equipping fighter squadrons of the R.A.F. Unseen features of both these aircraft are the Fairey power controls, which give the pilot finger-light flying control at the highest speeds.

THE MENACING ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER : The Gloster Javelin with its delta wing shape, high-set tail-plane and side-by-side Sapphire jet engines. The Javelin is a day and night two-seater fighter which carries a mass of electronic equipment especially designed to help with night and bad weather probe and strike.

THE FREIGHTER WHICH IS IN DEMAND EVERYWHERE : The Bristol Freighter is in service with eight Air Forces (this one belongs to New Zealand's), and many civil companies. It can carry up to fifty passengers or the equivalent in freight, and has been an outstanding success on cross-Channel car-ferry services.

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One of the most absorbing technical factors in which the public are directly interested is Noise. The helicopter service from Waterloo rotorstation set off a train of complaint. But much of this seems subjective and prejudiced against aviation rather than calm realisation that we live in a noisy age. I opine that there are two classes of noise (1) Volume noise ; and (2) Irritant noise.

Class (1) noise concerns, for examples, the cheer when Chelsea score ; or the hum of a ship's dynamos ; or the rumble of traffic. I do not think these noises are unsympathetic : on the contrary, they are rather re-assuring. Class (2) is an abomination, and as examples I suggest a child with a tin whistle from a Christmas cracker, blown intermittently ; a motor-cyclist racing after midnight through some quiet town such as Henley, and, my personal horror, the zing of a mosquito interrupting sleep on a hot night.

The question at issue is whether an aviation noise comes into class (1) or (2). Is the distinctive noise of the helicopter as irritant as some would make out ? I do not find it so, but in any case great sums of money are now being spent to reduce noise in all classes of aircraft. In this connection, how sweetly the Viscount rides the skies, and how quietly elegant is the Ambassador on B.E.A.'s European services. We shall see great airliners at Farnborough, and the great concourse of watchers may well take the noise factor into account in their appraisal of an individual machine.

Finally, is there any equal anywhere to our Farnborough ? In terms of money, no other show in the world approaches the mass total of finance represented at Farnborough. When you remember that such powerful organisations as Dunlop and General Electric are only permitted a small display stand, 10 ft. by 13 ft. ; that great combine firms backed by almost incalculable interests have a stand of 20 ft. by 25 ft. ; that Farnborough represents a superficial view of the £4,000,000,000 rearmament programme —is there any show on earth that equals this ? Perhaps the Naval Review alone might raise a challenge.

All that may explain the magnet of Farnborough. On the first day, confined to technicians only, some 20,000 experts will attend. On the opening day, around 20,000 or more V.I.P.s from all over the world will attend. On the public days, Saturday and Sunday, if the weather is fine, perhaps 300,000 will be the total. On " steam radio " at least 20,000,000 in the U.K. alone will listen to accounts of Farnborough, and on T.V. a further 12,000,000 will watch entranced. And all this run by a mere handful of men in the Society's offices in Savile Row ! It is a masterpiece, a triumph of British organisation, and the ultimate responsibility for success or failure rests on the Director, Mr. E. C. Bowyer . . . and the only thing wrong with that sentence is that the possibility of failure does not even arise.

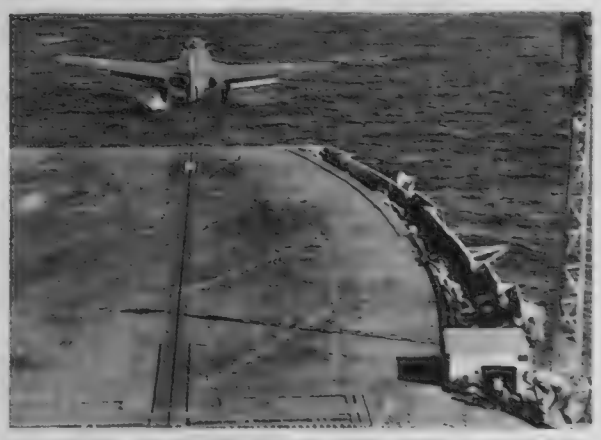
On right—

A SEA FURY COMES IN TO LAND: The "batsman" plays a prominent part in the operation, as the pilots of these aircraft cannot see the deck of the carrier as they land. Contrary to usual practice, where the "batsman" is still employed while awaiting the installation of the new mirror sight, he stands on the flight deck itself in order to direct the aircraft to its position. The 18,300-ton carrier H.M.S. *Centaur* (Captain H. P. Sears) was built in Northern Ireland by Harland and Wolff. She is the first of the Hermes class and was laid down in 1944. Her original design was changed during construction and she was launched in 1947.

THE ROYAL NAVY'S FIRST ANGLED-DECK CARRIER JOINS THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AT MALTA: H.M.S. *Centaur* is now working up with the Fleet, and her aircraft are operating from the flight deck for the first time, testing the new system of deck-landing. The squadrons—806 Ace of Diamonds, equipped with the latest jets, the Sea Hawk, and commanded by Lieut.-Commander P. C. S. Chilton; 810, Sea Furies, commanded by Lieut.-Commander H. J. Abraham; and 820, Avengers, commanded by Lieut.-Commander W. L. Hughes—are carrying out an intensive programme, and from their achievements will develop this new method of landing aircraft at an angle to the flight deck. Previously aircraft landed on the fore-and-aft line of the flight deck and, if their hook failed to grip the arrester wires, a barrier stretched across the deck midway arrested their onward flight and saved the machine from crashing into other aircraft already landed and parked on the forward end. Now, on *Centaur*, a high-speed aircraft lands at an angle, and if it fails to hook on, carries on up the flight deck where no barrier is necessary and flies off. Aircraft which had landed previously are parked on the starboard edge of the forward end.

"CENTAUR" IS PUT THROUGH HER PACES

During Working-up Trials in the Mediterranean, Aircraft Test the Carrier's Angled Flight Deck



CATAPULTED FROM THE FLIGHT DECK WITH A DEAFENING ROAR: A Sea Hawk has an assisted take-off from H.M.S. *Centaur* during the trials in the Mediterranean.

On left—

AN ADVANTAGE OF THE NEW LANDING DEVICE: A Sea Hawk is towed past Sea Fury fighters parked at the side of the deck. By installing the angled deck the carrier is able to continue carrying planes on her flight deck while high-speed aircraft are landing or taking-off.

LAND OF MANY BRIDGES

Scotland's Wealth of Rivers made Bridge-building the Most Important Link in the Road and Railway Network

THE visitor to Scotland starts crossing bridges as soon as the Border is passed, and continues to do so frequently wherever his tour may take him. A land of mountains and great rivers, Scotland's main transport problem in the olden days was to build bridges where only fords existed, and this task was ably tackled in the Highlands by General (later Field-Marshal) George Wade. This clever and farseeing Englishman did a great job in opening up the inaccessible central region north of Perth, and his excellent roads and splendid bridges made both the passage of troops and of wheeled traffic possible in areas where hitherto horseback was the only means of travel.

At Aberfeldy the General's most graceful bridge still carries main road traffic over the Tay ; the pleasing design and perfect proportions of this old structure

AN OLD SCOTTISH BRIDGE WITH A GRACEFUL SINGLE ARCH : The old Brig of Balgownie, near Aberdeen ; it was built in the early fourteenth century.

are a delight to the eye, and could well be adopted by modern builders who are not completely wedded to the combination of concrete and low cost.

There are many very old bridges still standing and bearing the load of modern traffic in Scotland, and in nearly every case it will be found that they are graceful and well-proportioned, as well as strong and durable.

The beautiful single arch of the old Brig of Balgownie, over the Don north of Aberdeen, is a case in point ; it would be difficult to suggest any improvement on this perfectly proportioned old bridge, which, as well as being attractive in appearance, has certainly proved well up to its heavy task throughout the years.

SPANNING THE RIVER TAY AT PERTH : This old bridge was built by Smeaton in 1771.

The old Nungate Bridge at Haddington is a more robust structure, with its heavy piers and cutwaters ; its date is uncertain, but both it and the Abbey Bridge further down the Tyne are of great age. Now the bridge is restricted to light traffic, but in the last war it carried successfully many a surprisingly heavy load of big Army vehicles, whose light-hearted drivers failed to see the weight limit notice !

Not of great age, but often in the news, is Telford's high-arched single-span bridge over Clachan Sound, between the mainland of Argyll and the island of Seil. Known as the " Bridge over the Atlantic," its hump-back shape was designed to allow clearance for the little fishing-boats through the narrow sound in sheltered waters. Now that the new vehicle ferry links Seil with the island of Luing, it will be seen by more visitors than ever.

Kelso has Rennie's very fine multi-arch bridge over the Tweed. This is said to be a prototype for the builder's more ambitious structure across the Thames. Its imposing profile is seen to great advantage from the approach roads to the town on the south side of the river.

Stirling, one of the many " Gateways to the Highlands," owes its importance to its fortified rock castle and the important river crossing of the Forth. Here the flat lands to the south come within sight of the mountains, and the broad Forth bars the way to the north. There was a very early bridge at Kildean, to the north-west, but the present fine old structure dates from about the beginning of the fourteenth century.

No greater contrast in design, materials and carrying capacity can be found than by comparing the old Stirling bridge with its modern neighbour lower down the river at Kincardine, a very fine example of a large, opening bridge. Its tracery of girder-work makes an attractive sight when the sun emphasises the play of light and shade ; as distinctive in its own class as the more mellow beauty of the old stone-work at Stirling.

The famous Forth Bridge is too well known to need any comment. As things are at present our grandchildren may see the long-awaited Forth Road Bridge, if they are lucky. There is in Scotland a smaller edition of the Forth Bridge, a cantilever structure across the narrows of Loch Etive at Connel Ferry. This little bridge resembles its great Forth cousin in general appearance, the triangulation of the girder-work suggesting the likeness. Originally built by a railway company, Connel Bridge has long been the subject of furious argument, based on the toll charged on vehicles which use it.

Ayr is another river town which, like Stirling, has an old and a new bridge close to one another. The old bridge dates from about the end of the fifteenth century ; the new one from 1788. The Auld Brig's prophecy about its new neighbour :

" And tho' wi' crazy eild I 'm sair forfairn,
I 'll be a Brig when ye 're a shapeless cairn."

was fulfilled when floods damaged the more modern structure in 1877, extensive repairs being necessary.

Complementary to this old bridge at Ayr for the traffic along the coast was the Brig of Doon, at Alloway, a fine, single-arch span famed in verse by Robert Burns. These two old bridges played an important part in the days when only the coastal strip of Ayrshire held the bulk of the population in this region of Cunningham, Kyle and Carrick.

In the north, in Badenoch and the river systems of Spey and Findhorn, the Moray floods at the beginning of the nineteenth century destroyed a great number of the bridges ; only a few resisted the appalling force of the waters. Dulcie Bridge, however, spanning a deep gorge of the Findhorn, survived the great wall of water which filled the great cleft, its pier being founded on a spur of rock which rises from the river-bed. Feshie Bridge, near Kincraig, also remained standing when so many other solid structures were washed away bodily.

LIGHT TRAFFIC ONLY OVER THIS BRIDGE : The Nungate Bridge over the Tyne at Haddington, East Lothian, which possibly dates back 500 years.

At Carrbridge, on the main Inverness road from the south, there is a curious, slender arch close to the modern road bridge ; incorrectly attributed to General Wade (whose bridge is higher up, at Sluggan) or to " the Romans," it was, in fact, built by a landowner to provide access to the burial-ground. Its parapet and approaches were washed away, but the arch remains, a striking relic of early bridge-building and sound design.

A new and important road bridge, completed during the last war, now spans the entrance to little Loch Long at Dornie, and thus one of the two ferries which had to be crossed by visitors to Skye was eliminated. Those who remember the vexatious delays which used to occur at this primitive vehicle ferry will be grateful for the new structure.

The Clyde has a multitude of bridges, as befits a great river which passes through densely populated areas. One of the most attractive is the old bridge at Kirkfieldbank, below the town of Lanark, a sturdy example of solid Scottish bridge-building.

At Dumfries is " Devorgilla's " old bridge over the Nith above the Cauld, the original structure having been built by Queen Devorgilla in the thirteenth century, though only portions of the earlier work now remain.

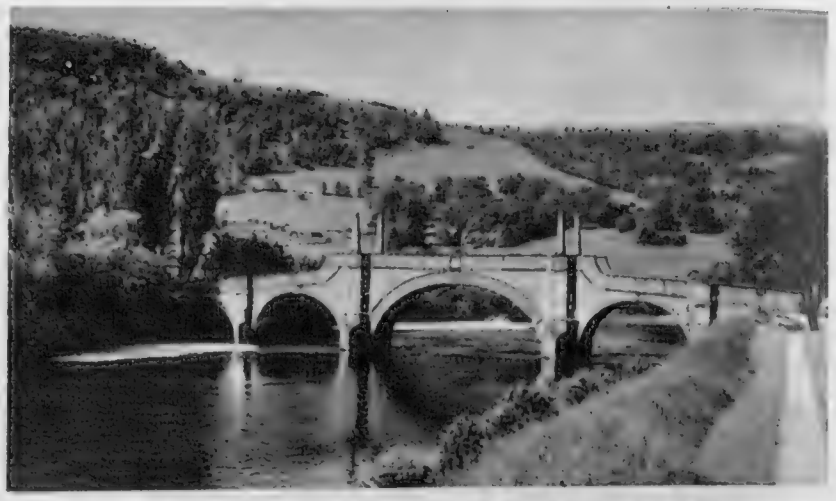
In Angus there is the old Bridge of Dun, spanning the South Esk above the tidal basin, once a most vital crossing before the days of the Montrose Bridge. It is a graceful span of pleasing appearance, and now carries mainly local traffic ; well known to fishermen who frequent the stretch below it.

The modern bridges which have been built on the new roads caused much controversy when they first appeared, their critics holding that their stark, white concrete was inappropriate in the Scottish setting. Now, after a short passage of time, they blend very well with the native rocks, and strangers who see examples of this new type of span on the Glencoe Road, the Great North Road and other modern highways will find little to criticise.

As new bridges are built, old ones sometimes perish in the path of progress. A regrettable casualty was old Clunie Bridge, at Pitlochry, which had to be demolished when the new Loch Faskally was formed.

Now that road traffic has increased so greatly it would be of interest to Scotland's many visitors if notable bridges bore a sign giving their name and any brief details of history or date. The Scottish Tourist Board might be disposed to consider this idea (or even the motoring associations), which would add to the interest of touring in Scotland.

" Glen Roy "



AN ENGLISHMAN'S MOST GRACEFUL BRIDGE NORTH OF THE BORDER : Aberfeldy Bridge, built by General George Wade over the Tay, is still in regular use. General Wade, who was responsible for many of Scotland's old bridges and highways, commenced his duties in 1726, employing 500 soldiers in the work.

A PROMINENT FEATURE TO MOTORISTS AS THEY DRIVE NORTH TO PERTHSHIRE : This is a view of Stirling's four-span, 600-year-old bridge over the Forth.

THE " BRIDGE OVER THE ATLANTIC " AT CLACHAN : It joins the mainland of Argyll with Seil, and small fishing-boats pass under its high-arched single span.

A MODERN CONSTRUCTION : This concrete span is built on the Bridge of Orchy, along the Black Mount Road, in Argyll.

WAS THIS A PROTOTYPE FOR THE THAMES ? Rennie's Bridge which spans the Tweed at Kelso is said to have been the forerunner of London Bridge.

ROYAL DEESIDE

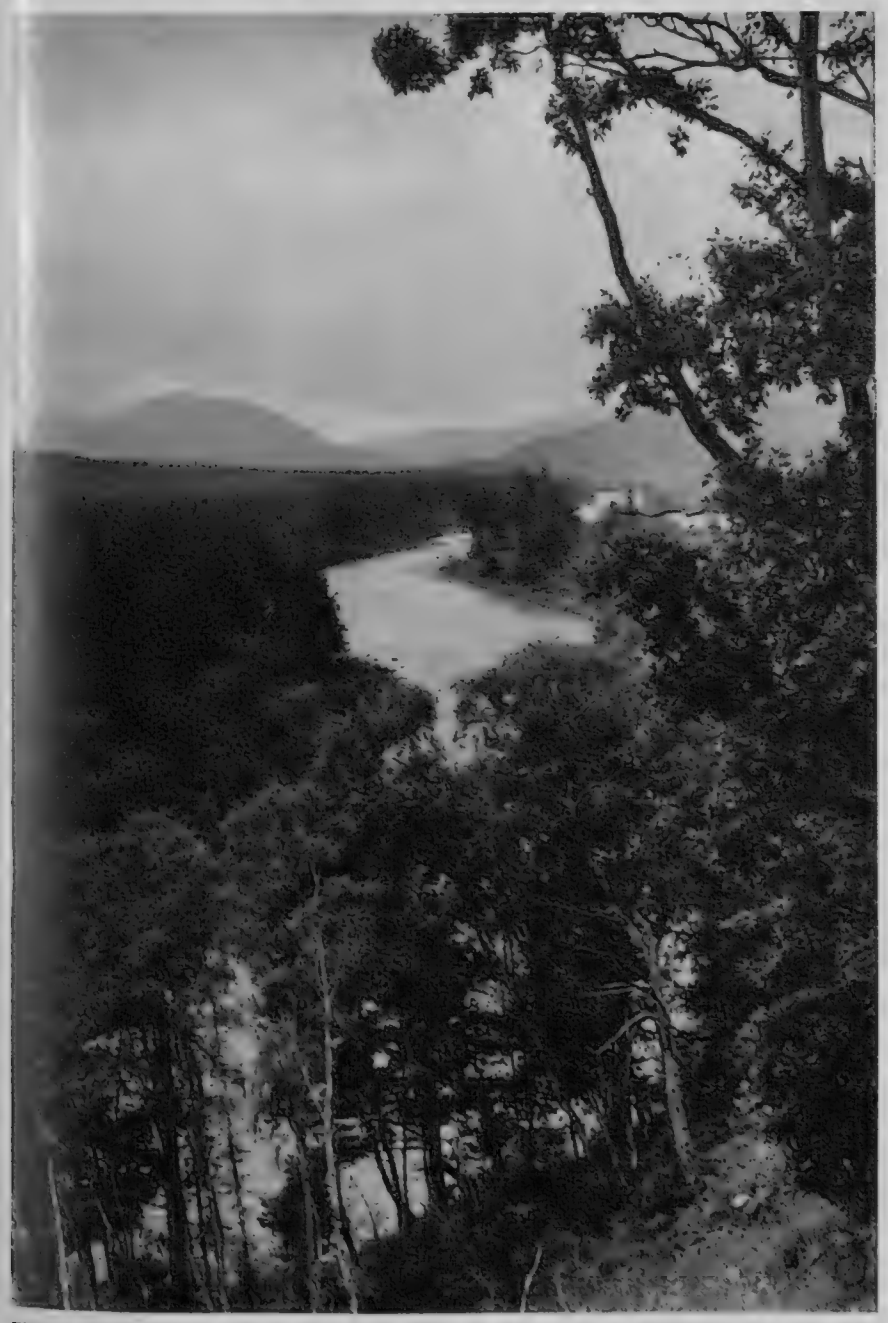
New Pictures of Balmoral, Where the Queen and Her Family are Spending Their Holiday

Even in the nineteenth century the summer weather was deplorably bad, and even Royal personages complained bitterly and looked for somewhere "nice and dry" to spend their well-earned holidays. If it had been otherwise, Balmoral Castle might never have become the accepted late summer home of the Royal Family which it is to-day. For the story goes that while on a late summer yachting holiday in the West of Scotland in 1847, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert found that it rained continuously for five weeks. What made it even more galling were the reports from the Queen's doctor, Sir James Clark, that his son was enjoying perfect dry weather at a place called Balmoral, on Deeside. On inquiry it was found that Deeside had the reputation of being one of the driest areas in Scotland. When, in 1852, Balmoral Castle became available, the Queen took the lease.

The building then in existence was pulled down, for it was considered to be too small as a Royal residence, and just 100 years ago building began on the new Castle. This was designed by the Prince Consort himself, with the professional assistance of an Aberdeen architect. It was built in the Scottish baronial style of granite, and its sharply-pointed roofs and prominent tower are now unforgettable features of the Deeside country. Its great advantage lies in its seclusion amid the most attractive Highland scenery. To-day the Queen, like Queen Victoria, can enjoy perfect relaxation at Balmoral from her duties.

BALMORAL CASTLE IN ITS FAIRY-TALE SETTING IN A HIGHLAND GLEN: The secluded residence on Deeside, in Aberdeenshire, as seen from the north. Built for Queen Victoria just 100 years ago, Balmoral Castle has now once again become the favourite late summer resort of a Queen and her family. Deeside is noted for its dry weather, while the amenities of the estate include some good salmon-fishing.

THE QUEEN'S SHOOTING LODGE: There is a wild Highland ruggedness about the little stone building set at the bottom of a hill, while the mist sweeps down the mountainside towards Balmoral Castle, the centre of the Royal estate.



THE RIVER DEE WINDS ITS WAY BETWEEN FORESTS AND MOUNTAINS: The wonderful setting for one of Scotland's best-loved rivers. The Dee takes a sharp turn at Balmoral, so that the river flows on the north and east sides of the Royal estate.

A FINE SPOT FOR SALMON: One of the small bridges spanning the River Dee on the Balmoral Estate. It is here that the Queen, an enthusiastic angler, sometimes fishes for the salmon, which are usually plentiful in the river.

INTERNATIONAL EDINBURGH

Scenes in the Scottish Capital During the Eighth Festival of Music and Drama

THE OPENING OF THE EIGHTH EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: The Lord Provost, accompanied by Prince Georg of Denmark, seen leading the procession of dignitaries to St. Giles' Cathedral for the Service of Praise. The Princess Royal and the Earl and Countess of Harewood were among the congregation.

PRINCE GEORG AND PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK AT THE USHER HALL: The Royal visitors were accompanied to the opening concert (given by the Danish Orchestra) by the Lord Provost and the Lady Provost of Edinburgh.

During these three weeks of Festival, Edinburgh is essentially an international city. Both artists and visitors hail from many countries and, in the words of Lord Provost John G. Banks, "are taking part in a Festival, the living symbol of which is friendship." As usual, this year's Festival, the eighth, opened with a Service of Praise at St. Giles' Cathedral, the members of the congregation being drawn from national and civic life and from the Arts. Many Scottish Civic dignitaries went in procession from the Civic Chambers to the Presbyterian Cathedral, where the minister, the Very Rev. Charles L. Warr, accompanied by the Provost of the Episcopal Cathedral, conducted the service. Later, Miss Alicia Markova opened an exhibition entitled "Homage to Diaghilev"—the founder of the Russian Ballet in Western Europe—and then, in the evening, the Statsradiofoniens Symfoniorkester, Denmark, gave the first of three concerts in the Usher Hall.

The Festival was then truly under way and the visitor had a wide choice in entertainment, including Ballet, Music, Opera, Drama, and Films, and not forgetting a whole host of other events not organised by the Festival Society, but at the same time arranged to coincide with the Festival. These include exhibitions; tours of places of historic interest; organ recitals in the cathedrals, and several outdoor activities. There is, of course, the special attraction held on most evenings on the Castle Esplanade. This is the Military Tattoo, which is considered by many to be a star attraction of this great annual Festival.

Shakespeare is being played under diametrically opposed conditions. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is being presented on a stage which is the accepted theatre of to-day—a large picture-frame in which scenery and lighting inevitably play a large part—while *Macbeth* is being played on an apron stage much nearer to the conditions of the author's own time. Both productions are by The Old Vic.

BANQUO AND THE WITCHES—A SCENE FROM THE OLD VIC COMPANY'S OPENING NIGHT PERFORMANCE OF "MACBETH": The Hall's apron stage was used to great effect in an evening of memorable Shakespeare.

ANN TODD GIVES A STRIKING PERFORMANCE AS LADY MACBETH IN THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF "MACBETH" AT THE ASSEMBLY HALL: Miss Todd is an actress of long standing, known more for her work in the cinema than in the theatre; this was her first role in any Shakespearean play, and was her first appearance with the Old Vic Company.

MARGOT FONTEYN TRIUMPHS AGAIN IN STRAVINSKY'S "THE FIREBIRD": The Sadler's Wells Ballet Company and the Covent Garden Orchestra joined in a special production entitled "Homage to Diaghilev" at the Empire Theatre.

THE DANISH STATE RADIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PERFORM IN THE USHER HALL ON THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE FESTIVAL: The concert again proved the excellence of the orchestra, which is well known to Edinburgh, having contributed to the success of the 1950 Festival. The orchestra gave three concerts this year.

A GREAT ATTRACTION IN THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL—THE FLOODLIT MILITARY TATTOO HELD ON THE CASTLE ESPLANADE AND STAGED BY SCOTTISH COMMAND : This is a view of the finale of the Tattoo which is held on each evening, except Sundays and Thursdays ; at the last performance, on Saturday, September 11, there will also be a firework display. The programme includes displays by the King's Own Scottish Borderers ; the Black Watch ; the Gordon Highlanders and the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. A great "scoop" is a drill display given by cadets of The Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, some of whom are seen in the foreground of this picture. Other attractions include a display of Highland Dancing by soldiers selected from every Highland Regiment, and also boys from The Queen Victoria School, Dunblane; an historical episode entitled "Royal Scotland," and a drill display by "Toy" Soldiers of The Boys' Company of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. Perhaps the most memorable event of the evening is the lowering of the spotlit flag, accompanied by the playing of the Sunset Call. Dominating the entire scene is the floodlit splendour of Edinburgh Castle.

On left—

A SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCE OF ROSSINI'S "LE COMTE ORY" : The Glyndebourne production of Rossini's newly revived opera was a resounding opening performance at the King's Theatre, and suggests that the work might eventually rise to the popularity of Rossini's other operas. With this production at the King's Theatre, Margot Fonteyn and the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Empire Theatre, the Old Vic's *Macbeth* at the Assembly Hall, and the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra at the Usher Hall, visitors to the Festival were faced with a difficult choice on the first weekday night.

ANTIQUES AT THE LODGE

A Unique "Shop" Set Up in Syon Lodge, Isleworth, Middlesex, and in the Surrounding Gardens

If an historic building or stately home were being disposed of or demolished anywhere in England, it would most likely come to the notice of one Mr. Bert Crowther. A visit to Syon Lodge, Isleworth, Middlesex, a dower house of the Dukes of Northumberland at Isleworth, will explain this. Mr. Crowther, a seventy-year-old former marble mason and tiler, has built up, with his younger brother, Mr. Alf Crowther, a vast collection of statuary, wrought-iron, interior furnishings, and even parts of buildings themselves, which now fills nine acres of gardens surrounding the Lodge. At the entrance to Mr. Crowther's "shop" is an avenue of old wrought-iron gates, acquired from famous mansions all over the country; to the left, as the visitor enters, are two old shop-fronts, one from an old coaching inn, The White Hart, in Southall, the other an Adam shop-front from Soho, which conceals Mr. Crowther's offices. Further on is a large shed, now disguised as a Grecian temple; inside it are complete drawing-rooms furnished in the Georgian style. Behind a series of old doorways and still more shop-fronts, lie the workshops, where nearly fifty craftsmen, employed by Mr. Crowther, work to restore the statues, wood-carvings, marble fireplaces, candelabra, and many other objects collected.

Mr. Crowther has not confined his search to English works of art and ornaments: in the gardens can be found an old Egyptian sphinx, and a terrace from the Doge's Palace on the Grand Canal, Venice. The world of antique dealing is characterised by the unusual, but at Syon Lodge must surely be a collection unique in its content and size.

A UNIQUE "ANTIQUE SHOP" AT SYON LODGE, ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX: A wrought-iron garden seat is being placed before old shop-fronts which conceal the offices of one of the strangest antique businesses in the country. It is run by seventy-year-old Mr. Bert Crowther, who has collected relics from demolished historic and stately homes. Nearly fifty craftsmen work on the restoration of the statues, wrought-iron and ornaments, which fill nine acres of gardens.

MR. CROWTHER GIVING INSTRUCTIONS IN THE GARDEN OF SYON LODGE: The building is a dower house of the Dukes of Northumberland at Isleworth. The terrace seen in the background came from the Doge's Palace in Venice.

A TASK FOR THE FUTURE: Mr. J. Edwards, a senior employee, is seen pointing out a small job to be done to the front of an old Mansion House (*circa* 1668), which originally stood in Cheapside.

MR. CROWTHER WITH HIS SECRETARY, MRS. J. GRIEVES: An old Egyptian sphinx is being priced. Mr. Crowther's brother Alf has helped to build the formidable collection.

EMPLOYEES AT WORK IN THE ITALIAN GARDENS: Messrs. K. and W. Sale seen moving a stone ornament, which is typical of objects acquired over the years by Mr. Crowther and his brother from mansions and estates throughout England. The statuary on the right of the picture came from Hever Castle.

ATHLETIC THRILLS AT BERNE

Scenes from Some of the Memorable Events at the European Athletic Championships, When many New Records were Established

THIS WAS THE FIELD BEHIND KUTZ AS THE RUSSIAN DREW AHEAD IN THE 5,000 METRES: Britain's Chris Chataway (142) and Czechoslovakia's Emil Zatopek (701) seen running almost side by side during the race in which Kutz set up a new world record. These two runners fought for second place, and at times were challenged by Okorokov, another Russian, who eventually finished fourth. The race for second, third and fourth places was one of the thrilling episodes on the final day of the games.

THE INCIDENT THAT DISQUALIFIED BRITAIN FROM THE 4 x 400 METRES RELAY: Fryer (second from left), the third British runner, appears to cut across the Hungarian runner, Solimoessi (left). The British team finished first, but Hungary protested, claiming that Fryer had tripped Solimoessi. Officials disqualified the British team, but a counter-protest was lodged. The international jury, after half-an-hour's consideration, decided to dismiss the protest lodged by the British, and the result was announced as, first France; second, Germany; third, Finland; fourth, Sweden; fifth, Hungary. The leading runner seen in this picture is Martin du Gard (France); he is followed by a German.

OFF TO A FINE START IN THE 400-METRE EVENT: This is Irdalion Ignatjev, one of the members of the Russian team, who won the final of the race in 46·6 secs. There was no runner from Britain in this final.

A HUNGARIAN WINS THE 800 METRES FINAL: Lajos Szentgali (746), left, seen crossing the finishing line in 1 min. 47·1 secs. Second was Lucien de Muynck, of Belgium (326); Third, Audun Boysen, of Norway (85), and fourth was Derek J. N. Johnson, of Britain (137).

THELMA HOPKINS WINS BRITAIN'S SECOND GOLD MEDAL OF THE GAMES: In the Women's High Jump at Berne, last Saturday, she cleared 5 ft. 5¾ ins. Another member of the British team, S. Lerwill, reached fifth place.

TWO OTHER WOMEN FINALISTS: *Left*—Mrs. D. Zatopekova, wife of the Czechoslovakian runner, wins the javelin event with a throw of 173 ft. 7½ ins. *Right*—N. Otkalenko (Russia) winning the final of the Women's 800 metres, in 2 mins. 8·8 secs., from D. Leather (Britain.)

AFTER THE STORMS—MANY HANDS MAKE LIGHT WORK ON THE FARMS OF BRITAIN: A scene of great activity as corn, already ripe, is cut and carried at the same time at Charmwood Farm, near Farnborough, Kent. There has been great delay this year in harvesting the crops, and many cornfields throughout the country have been damaged by the persistent storms of wind and rain. When the weather did break and the sun shone for both short and long periods, farmers employed as many people as possible to gather in the harvest. Nevertheless, it will still be some time before "all is safely gathered in."

A SURVEY OF HOME EVENTS

A PICTORIAL RECORD FROM MANY PARTS OF BRITAIN

FOLKESTONE WELCOMES BRITAIN'S MACE-BEARERS: A procession of mace-bearers seen making its way to the Leas Cliff Hall for the installation of the new Prime Warden of the Guild of Mace-Bearers. *On left*—The Mayor of Folkestone, Councillor C. A. Neate, J.P., places the chain of office on Mr. Harry Gregory, mace-bearer of Blackpool. The men had assembled at Folkestone for their annual conference, which included the appointment of the new Prime Warden in place of Captain W. E. Floyd, of Northampton. As many of them had included their uniforms in their luggage, the procession through Folkestone proved a welcome attraction for holiday-makers.

A HEREFORD VILLAGE HONOURS ONE OF ITS FORMER STALWARTS: The First Lord of the Admiralty, the Rt. Hon. J. P. L. Thomas, M.P. for the Hereford Division, is seen preparing to leave the Old Green Man Inn at Fownhope in a carriage to unveil a memorial to Tom Spring, one of Britain's last bare-fist fighters, and a native of Herefordshire. *On left*—During the ceremony at Old Rudge End Farm, where Spring was born, a villager sings "Tom Spring and Old Cider," one of the choruses with which the pugilist's supporters used to encourage him during his contests. The ceremony was part of a Festival of Old-time Sports and Pastimes held at Fownhope.

THE 1954 RADIO AND TELEVISION SHOW : Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C., speaking to over 20,000 visitors at the opening of the Show at Earl's Court, said that it was very reassuring to learn that the Radio and Television industry employed 125,000 people, had a yearly output of £135,000,000, and exported goods to the value of over £25,000,000 last year. He expressed confidence in commercial television, which could give further stimulus to the radio industry. *On left*—A view of the Show taken before the opening. Visitors to Earl's Court this year can see the best of British radio, television gramophone and tape-recording equipment. A major innovation comes in the shape of radios, radio-gramophones and television sets designed to receive broadcasts from v.h.f./r.f.m. stations which the B.B.C. will open next year. These sets are not yet on sale to the public. At the other end of the scale are inexpensive hand-winding gramophones which, despite the more advanced record players of to-day, continue to be sold in thousands.

On left—

BRITAIN'S LARGEST SAND-YACHT: The *Coronation Year Mark II* which is to attempt to establish the first British native speed record over the flying mile, at Lytham St. Annes on September 15, has been constructed mainly in light alloys, including duralumin supplied by James Booth and Co. Ltd. to meet the requirements of strength and lightness. It was designed and built as a hobby by Mr. R. Millett Denning, a Hampstead man who became interested in the sport of sand-yachting about ten years ago. He designed the first yacht (*Coronation Year Mark I*) ever to be built of light alloys last year—it weighed 7 cwt. (unladen), with a sail area of 246 sq. ft., and reached a speed of 50 m.p.h. The Mark II was developed from this. It has a sail area of 286 sq. ft., is 30 ft. high, 26 ft. long and 16 ft. wide, and weighs 9 cwt. unladen. It is expected to reach speeds of more than 75 m.p.h. and, while doing so, to be able to turn in its own length. For the coming record attempt at Lytham St. Annes there will be a two-man crew.

AN OLD SCOTTISH REGIMENT RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE BURGH OF PEEBLES : The Princess Royal, who is seen above inspecting the guard of honour at Peebles, accepted the Freedom of the Burgh on behalf of the Royal Scots, of whom she has been Colonel-in-Chief for thirty-six years. Her Royal Highness later spoke of the strong ties which bind the Royal Scots to Peebles, and after the ceremony took the salute before the Town Hall. To mark the occasion, the Princess, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant of the County, presented a silver bowl to the Burgh.

A TURN FOR THE WORSE : The Diesel tug *Tulagi* was being launched on the canal at Thorne, near Doncaster, Yorkshire, when, instead of moving sideways as had been planned, it moved bows-first. The stern-end jammed, and the tug lay for four hours half-out of the water before being freed. The *Tulagi* was named by Mrs. J. C. Laughlin, wife of a Royal Australian Engineers officer. A launching ceremony at Doncaster is quite a rare event.

A MEET OF THE BUCKS OTTERHOUNDS, HELD AT BEACHAMPTON MILL, NEAR STONY STRATFORD : Hounds are seen crossing a weir, watched by a terrier in the foreground. Unusually heavy rains during this season have made rivers unhuntable or have moved otters into quieter places.

THE RHINO IS PUT THROUGH ITS PACES—THE NEW AMPHIBIOUS VEHICLE UTILISING HEMISPHEROIDAL WHEELS SEEN ON A TEST RUN OVER SOFT GROUND NEAR INDIANAPOLIS, IN THE UNITED STATES: This strange-looking vehicle is the brain-child of Elie P. Aghnides, a Greek agricultural engineer, and is designed to give the best possible traction over any sort of ground surface and on water. It weighs 5 tons and can travel at 45 miles per hour.

THE RUMBLING RHINO

A NEW AMPHIBIOUS VEHICLE DEVELOPED IN THE U.S.A., WHICH UTILISES A NEW FORM OF WHEEL

Since early man found that a circular log would help him move heavy objects over the ground and thus began to use a primitive form of wheel, this simplest of all mechanisms has undergone many refinements, and Elie P. Aghnides, whose hemispheroidal wheel is being used on the new amphibian vehicle, the Rhino, plays the latest part in this development. The idea of this new form of wheel came to the inventor while he was watching a tractor clear a site for a building project. He noticed that the caterpillar tracks presented the same surface to the ground whatever the conditions were, and that while this might be suitable for treacherous or rough surfaces, it slowed the vehicle up considerably when travelling on a good surface such as a road, and at the same time caused endless damage to the road. Why not, he thought, design a wheel which could change its traction surface in sympathy with the ground over which it travels? And, thinking along these lines, he produced the hemispheroidal wheel.

When travelling over a good, hard surface such as a metalled road, the Rhino uses only the rubber cleats which can be seen around the greater diameter of the wheel in the pictures on this page, but when soft surfaces are encountered, the wheel sinks lower into the ground, and so more traction surface is used. The driver can help this action by tilting the wheels, which also raises the body a little. The Rhino is steered by turning the wheels as in a car and not by stopping or slowing the driving surfaces as in a tank, which greatly reduces wear. A top speed of 45 m.p.h. can be obtained on a road, and the vehicle cruises easily at 25 m.p.h., when it runs about 12 miles to the gallon, thus comparing very favourably with the majority of tanks or tractors.

Not content that his vehicle should be able to travel over any kind of land surface, Aghnides designed the craft as an amphibian. In water it is kept afloat by its watertight body, and also by the wheels, which are divided into watertight compartments. The motive power in the water is supplied by a Kermath Hydrojet, in which water is taken in through a hole in the hull and forced out of a small, swivelling nozzle.

The Rhino, which weighs about 5 tons and which is 19 ft. long and 9 ft. 6 ins. wide, can climb a gradient of over 1 in 1$\frac{8}{9}$ and can tilt sideways to 75 degrees without turning over. As yet, no test hill has been found which could cause the amphibian to tip over. The vehicle was built by the Marmion-Herrington Company of Indianapolis, who co-operated closely with the inventor in the design.

THE IMPOSING FRONT ASPECT OF THE RHINO: This picture shows how the wheels of the vehicle can be tilted inwards by the driver, thus bringing more of their traction surface into play and at the same time raising the body.

CHARGING THROUGH THE OOZE : The Rhino is probably the only vehicle which can safely negotiate a surface such as this. The vehicle is seen from the rear in this picture, just before entering the water seen in the background. In water, it is driven in reverse by a hydrojet unit and is kept afloat by its watertight body.

Above, on left—

THE RHINO CLIMBS A CHALLENGING HILL OF LOOSELY-PACKED SAND : The amphibian started at the bottom of this hill from standstill, and slowly rumbled to the top without faltering, over a surface which would certainly have trapped a lorry and would have caused a tank driver many awkward moments. As can be seen, the driver sits in a dome-shaped cockpit, giving him a clear, all-round view.

On left—

THE RHINO FINDS A SHALLOW RIVER EASY-GOING : Mr. Aghnides, the inventor, has spent a small fortune in developing this amphibian, starting his experiments on hemispheroidal wheels at the start of the war. He has made many improvements on some of his early models, and hopes to make further and more efficient models of the craft itself. It is planned to increase both land and water speeds.

AFLOAT IN DEEP WATER : In water, the Rhino is propelled by a small hydrojet unit which is driven by the 6-cylinder Ford engine, which also drives the wheels. The hydrojet forces water out of a nozzle which can be swivelled, thus giving the Rhino great manœuvrability in the water. It can, in fact, turn in its own length. This prototype model travels at about five miles per hour when afloat, but already improvements are being planned, and it is hoped that future productions will have greater speed.

A VIEW ACROSS THE UNSPOILT HARBOUR AT ALGHERO, A SMALL SEASIDE TOWN ON SARDINIA'S WEST COAST: Gordon Cooper says that for those seeking fresh holiday pastures, this island can be strongly recommended.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAYS ON ITALIAN ISLANDS

In Sicily, Sardinia and Capri, the Traveller can Discover Supreme Contentment

By GORDON COOPER

I HAVE more affection for Sicily, apart from my own country, than for any other place in the world. And if you asked me the secret of its attraction, I would reply that it lies in the island's infinite variety, manifold beauty and interest, while, as Cicero once declared, the sun shines there at least once a day.

It is, I think, a pity that the great majority of visitors are satisfied to know no more of this island—ancient Trinacria—than Palermo and Taormina. It is true that there are few more lovely spots on earth. Palermo lies like a pearl beside its Conca d'Oro, that famous garden shaped like a shell, whose groves are decked with oranges and olives, and whose orchards are fragrant with the scent of nespole and almonds, with fig trees and palms, where even the flowers are as multitudinously beautiful as the "framework of sunset clouds." Then, Taormina, with its wonderful view of Etna, donning day by day her dazzling mantle of new snow, has truly been described as a place "for people who are weary and bored by a dying and often brutal civilisation, and can create a far more beautiful world of the imagination."

Yet Sicily has other towns and other charms, not least being its classical remains, which are essentially Grecian. In fact, if you wish to understand ancient Greece you must visit this island. Unfortunately, in these days of currency restrictions, it is hardly feasible to dawdle leisurely around, which is the ideal way of discovering its delights. Probably the best alternative is to go on one of the "Golden Ribbon" motor-coach tours that run from the end of December until the end of June. These tours are organised by the C.I.A.T. Company, and the circuit can be accomplished in six days; but it is possible, and indeed advisable, to arrange for short breaks at one or other of the more interesting places called at, such as Agrigento and Syracuse, continuing by a following coach. Accommodation facilities can be arranged, if desired.

Agrigento, the Greek "Akragas," was, according to Pindar, "the most beautiful city of mortals," while its people, Plato remarked, "built as though they never expected to die and feasted as if they had only an hour to live." It was, in fact, the richest city of Sicily during the Greek period. To-day all that remains of it are the ruins of five temples, but these are so harmoniously placed and have such grace, that they still bear witness to the opulent splendour which the people of Akragas enjoyed. And if you can time your visit when the surrounding countryside is white with almond blossom—about January—then you will bear in your heart an unforgettable picture.

Syracuse is by far the most interesting city in Sicily for those who can dream of past ages. I do not, however, recommend it for the unimaginative, for of the greatest of Greek cities, the most majestic of all cities, hardly a vestige remains. Time, eater of all things, has done its work. There is, it is true, the lovely Greek theatre; the tragic underground prisons in which the sole survivors of that greatest of all Greek armies, so brilliantly described in the pages of Thucydides, were imprisoned; the Castle of Euryalus, the most beautiful and perfect Greek military work in existence; but otherwise all that one sees of the site of past glories is a pasture-land of sheep and goats, from which, for the most part, even the ruins have crumbled away.

Sardinia is unlike Sicily in many ways, yet it, too, is an island of extraordinary interest. In the past it had a bad reputation for malaria, but to-day, due to the wonderful work carried out by the scientists of the Rockefeller Foundation, one can travel there at any time of the year without any fear of infection. Nor is Sardinia difficult to reach, for in just over an hour you can reach its main centres by air from Rome, while there is a comfortable nightly steamship service between Civitavecchia and Olbia. The hotel position is generally adequate, and some new hotels have been built to cope with an increasing tourist traffic.

The main appeal of Sardinia lies in its prehistoric relics, the *nuraghi*, the lovely Pisan churches, and an extremely interesting and most hospitable people. There are, scattered about the island, some 3,000 *nuraghi*, unmortared megalithic buildings shaped like truncated cones. They date from the Bronze Age and were probably used as dwelling fortresses. Their shapes are varied, the simplest having a hollow truncated cone (these are the most primitive) and a single chamber open at the top, to which entrance is effected by a doorway. In the more elaborate buildings there are several concentric rooms, each with a closed vaulting, and one on top of the other, the walls being up to 10 ft. thick.

The Pisan churches are the only permanent remains of an otherwise unhappy domination of the Sards. They are of exquisite Tuscan architecture, but as they formed part of monasteries and convents, they were built in spots remote from the main roads, so that they must be specially sought out. One of the finest examples of these Pisan churches is to be found at Saccargia, some miles distant from Sassari; while the church at Porto Torres, on the north coast, is also of outstanding interest.

The costumes are one of the most attractive features of Sardinia. Many of them are handed down from generation to generation, and they are worn on Sundays and on festive occasions. They are, without a doubt, the loveliest traditional dresses in Europe.

The best district in which to see a display of these costumes is around Nuoro. Here, on Sundays, you almost feel as though you were at the court of some prince of the Arabian Nights. The flaming reds, blues and purples are frequently decorated with gold lace and brocade, and as the worshippers leave church, the richness of their garb, the beauty of their faces, and the background of old balconied houses, all combine to present a truly medieval scene.

Another interesting feature of the Sards is the variety of dialects to be found amongst them. In the villages you hear Latin, Spanish and Italian, with a little Phœnician and traces of other ancient tongues. In Alghero, a pleasant seaside resort on the west coast, Catalan is spoken; in some villages almost pure Latin; while in Carloforte, on the adjoining island of San Pietro (an excellent spot for an escapist holiday), there is a Genoese colony.

Altogether, for those seeking fresh holiday pastures, Sardinia can be strongly recommended, and the winter climate there is good. There are helpful tourist information offices at Cagliari and Sassari.

Lastly, I write of Capri, the most famous little island in the world. Its fame, indeed, is so great that at the present time it is visited by 1,000,000 tourists each year, 300,000 of whom pay to enter the celebrated Blue Grotto: an extremely profitable asset.

Rather naturally, this great tourist invasion of the island has brought its critics—people who knew it some years ago and prefer it as it was. But probably, 2,000 years ago, there were folk making the same complaint when Tiberius made Capri for eleven years the centre of the ancient world. The fact is that you can find there just what you want. If you like luxury hotels and the "butterfly" life, then it is yours if you have the money. At the same time, it is perfectly easy to live simply and comfortably, and to escape the crowds. Anacapri is, perhaps, a better centre in this respect than the more popular Capri. For those who like a first-class hotel, I can recommend the San Michele, which adjoins the famous home of the late Dr. Munthe; and, for a cheaper establishment, there is the near-by Bellavista which has pleasant gardens. Both are in Anacapri and both overlook the sea. Then, in Capri, my choice would be the modest Quattro Stagioni, whose cuisine would surely satisfy Lucullus.

As you will gather, I am not prepared to debunk Capri, and, in fact, go there myself rather starry-eyed, for the whole surroundings are legendary Homeric ground, the home of those Sirens whose songs entranced the mariner as he sailed past these rugged cliffs on his return from the Gulf of Poseidon.

The local tourist office in Capri issues an excellent booklet (in English), which gives a variety of itineraries for walkers. This is the only way in which to get to know the beauty spots; places which are generally ignored by the crowds and where you can find a perfect solitude amidst an almost melancholy wildness. Climb Mount Solaro, the summit of Capri, and you see the whole island spread out at your feet and get a bird's-eye view of marvellous beauty. To the south there is the boundless purple-blue sea; to the north and west, islands, and then, behind them in the far distance, there are the dream-like mountains.

With the new Aquila flying-boat service (operating from April to September, inclusive) Capri is brought within easy and comfortable reach of England. In fact I always consider this particular form of air travel to be outstandingly pleasant. But there are other modes of approach, including direct air services between London and Naples. For further information about Sicily, Sardinia or Capri, apply to the Italian State Tourist Department (201, Regent Street, London, W.1.), while a specialist travel agent who can advise on every kind of accommodation, especially in the case of Sicily and Sardinia, is the Italian Travel Bureau (203, Regent Street, London, W.1.). Capri, of course, is fairly well covered by many travel agents.

CAPRI SEEN FROM THE MARINA GRANDE: The island's overwhelming popularity gives no sign of abating: more than 1,000,000 tourists visit it each year.

A SICILIAN TOWN THAT HAS REMAINED ALMOST UNCHANGED FOR CENTURIES: A view of Taormina, which is dominated by the ancient fortress of Casa Mola.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A WEEK OF VARIETY

The Story of a Remarkable Mother-in-Law; the Life of "Mr. Motion Pictures"; Dangerous Living in War-time Europe; Nazi War Crimes; and a Choice of Fiction

MORE jokes, good and bad, and songs, from the hilarious to the downright morbid, have been made and sung about mothers-in-law than probably any other social circumstance. Psychiatrists, historians and mass commentators have also reviewed this richly rewarding subject, and some critics have even bestirred themselves to use other than derogatory terms. And now, when it seems that the family relations of everyone from Catherine de Medici to Marlene Dietrich have been explored, along comes Mrs. Celeste Andrews Seton with MY MOTHER-IN-LAW (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), a delightful book about a real, if improbable, person.

Mrs. Seton acquired her new relation with her marriage in 1934, but by then it is to be assumed that she had passed a long parental-legal examination with flying colours, for she had spent many weeks as a guest of the indomitable lady in one of her fantastic country houses, in this case an enormous estate on the Hudson, where only an act of God could change Mrs. Shepard's rigorous time-table, but where that time-table was liable to include a 3 a.m. rising by the entire household to see the night-blooming cereus.

Helen Gould Shepard was known in her time as the foremost philanthropist in the United States. She was also the daughter and heir of Jay Gould, whose immense fortune supplied the wherewithal for her quite spectacular gifts and bequests. The most casual student of American history knows that Gould was, to put it mildly, a colourful figure. So was his daughter, but in rather a different way. As her biographer records with considerable personal conviction, she was good, she was sweet (her own favourite word, though used about other people), and she was quite, quite inflexible. She didn't believe in drinking, in smoking or, very much, in sex. She was happily married for many years, and her four children were each adopted from the State Charities Aid. They were brought up according to highly individual plans of Mrs. Shepard's; their childhoods were supervised for at least twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, and even that single hour seems to have been an oversight. That they appear to have grown up into four interesting, amusing and vital characters seems to be some kind of triumph over all this directing.

Mrs. Shepard, however, was something of a triumph in herself, for her faith in people's goodness was tremendous and greatly helped by her amazing ability to disregard the unpleasant, the uncomfortable or the simply divergent. Apart from the wide sweep of her public benefactions—she gave her country everything that occurred to her, from destroyers to college buildings—she was endlessly kind to those about her, seldom or never consulting their real tastes, but showering them with turkeys and grand pianos and Bibles, sending rugs and Chinese scrolls to brighten up the local police station, and once to the bride (but this was by mistake), a copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Her days, and therefore the days of everyone in contact with her, were rigidly parcelled out for occupations as diverse as embroidery classes, Bible readings and lawn-weeding. With all this, and within her self-prescribed limits, Mrs. Shepard was truly kind and thoughtful. She would have been perhaps disconcerted for the only time in her life if she had been told that she was a highly eccentric character.

THE PUBLIC IS NEVER WRONG (Cassell. 15s.) is the autobiography, written with Mr. Dale Kramer, of that tycoon of the motion picture world, Mr. Adolph Zukor. And although the word "tycoon" may not figure in every pocket dictionary, it is not only an admirable Americanism, but coined for exactly such men as this. Mr. Zukor was born in humble circumstances in Hungary, eighty-odd years ago. When he was fifteen, in 1888, he emigrated to America and ten years later, after a brief flurry in the fur trade, was one of the earliest promoters of the then primitive movie business. Now he is the head of one of its most important companies, a man of whom it has been written that he was "the most significant single figure in the field of motion picture production."

In this story of his career we read of his business associations with Lasky, Cecil B. de Mille and Goldwyn —"every hour on the hour, and sometimes the half-hour, Sam Goldwyn sent a shock through the organisation" —and even more amusingly of the foibles of the stars with whom he has been concerned: Mary Pickford, who "was always able to handle her share of a storm," William S. Hart, who lived his tough, Western roles on and off the screen, Valentino, Fatty Arbuckle, "the best athlete of them all," John Barrymore, Gloria Swanson, Maurice Chevalier; the list is not endless, but it is appropriately coruscating.

The Special Operations Executive was a British organisation created during the war, which sent out agents to work secretly in countries occupied by the Germans. Thus it had a French section, a Dutch section, a Norwegian section, and so on, each of them served by men and women whose qualifications were a perfect knowledge of the relevant language, and a very high degree of courage. Among the supreme names of those who fought their lonely, dangerous wars in France are "Odette," G.C., Peter Churchill, Noor Inayat Khan, or "Madeleine," posthumously awarded the George Cross, and "Archambault" and "Arnaud," their colleagues who, like Madeleine, were executed.

Captain John Starr was a member of the organisation, and was dropped near Valence on his first mission in 1942. After a few months he was able to return to England and was dropped on his second mission into the Jura Mountains the following May, being arrested and imprisoned two months later, and transferred after a time to the H.Q. of the Sicherheits Dienst, in the Avenue Foch, where, in contrast to Madeleine and others, he was given parole. His object in giving his word not to escape was eventually to transmit to England the information he might get at the headquarters, but there was clearly some feeling about his exact position when he returned to England after VE-Day, although he had spent the last eight months of the war in concentration camps.

Miss Jean Overton Fuller, in THE STARR AFFAIR (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.), has told his story as nearly as possible as Captain Starr told it to her and has proceeded in the latter part of her book to an examination of what at one moment was regarded as "a borderline case." The author has brought her own qualities of balance and impartiality to the work, and the result is a sound and considered study of yet another aspect of war.

There has been a great deal of publicity of a fairly sensational nature about THE SCOURGE OF THE SWASTIKA (Cassell. 15s.), a book which its author, Lord Russell of Liverpool, describes as a short history of Nazi war crimes. This indeed it is, and the hideous facts in it cannot be argued, any more than the authenticity of the very terrible photographs which illustrate the text. Any objections by the Foreign Office or the Lord Chancellor to the book's publication appear to have been based rather on its timing than on its truth—whether, in fact, there is not a political motive in the choice of this particular moment for its appearance, when it might be held to embarrass the Government in German negotiations. It is as if the powers-that-be were saying *not* "Don't let 's be beastly to the Germans," but "Don't let 's be beastly to them at this particular stage." However that is, Lord Russell has resigned his appointment, and the book is available to the public.

PROTECTING THE OLD INNS OF BRITAIN—"THE CROOK LOG" AT BEXLEYHEATH, KENT, WHICH IS TO BE PRESERVED: An increasing effort is being made to preserve the unique heritage of Britain's old inns. Every "local" whose claim is considered valid is put on the Ministry of Housing and Local Government's list of "protected" buildings, and already more than 2,000 inns throughout the country have been scheduled for protection. In Kent alone there are 100 such inns, and The Crook Log, at Bexleyheath, is typical, being one of nine Kent inns scheduled during the past year.

I have always thought that [illegible] Gwyn Thomas's novels were the [illegible] difficult subjects to describe or [illegible] to recommend, for how may one [illegible] dividual assert that anything [illegible] overwhelmingly personal as [illegible] writer's work must be as hap[illegible] received by one sort of reader as another? THE STRANGER AT MY SIDE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is the newest example of Mr. Thomas's half-comical, half-magical, wholly personal style, and I found it immensely rewarding. What I can suggest is that if you have not yet read any of this auth[illegible] books you should start now.

WATER ON THE BRAIN (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.) is a reprint of Sir Compton Mackenzie's twenty-one-year-old novel about an apocryphal branch of the Secret Service, and very funny it is. As the author explains in a new preface, the book was written immediately after his trial at the Old Bailey under the Official Secrets Act, and adds later: "I must insist that the book is intended to be comic, and if it does not succeed in being as comic as Intelligence I must plead the impossibility of painting the lily."

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart has been the author of excellent and, in fact, occasionally epoch-making thrillers for forty years or more. Now, with THE FRIGHTENED WIFE (Cassell. 9s. 6d.), a collection of two long and three short murder stories, she issues a fresh challenge to the younger generation to pick up their pens and do just half as well. Recommended.

BRANSBY WILLIAMS' MEMORIES

The Tale of an Old Trouper

Bransby Williams a better start in the New World. This story of an actor who has worked in many mediums is packed with interest and reveals a most lovable personality.

What a pleasure it is to read an autobiography by "an Old Trouper," or, rather, by a star who clearly prefers to be known as an Old Trouper, and who, unlike some young players who dash blithely into print, has left a generous gap between his theatrical debut and the compilation of his reminiscences. Bransby Williams became a star in 1896, having started the hard way as a busker at the Central Hall, Bishopsgate, where he sang three songs, gave a stump speech, drew cartoons, and was supposed to draw 4s. Actually he was given a couple of bob and thrown out. BRANSBY WILLIAMS BY HIMSELF (Hutchinson. 15s.) is a delightful book, and the author's memories and tributes to artists of long ago will particularly please the over-forties. His descriptions of touring all over England and the Commonwealth are full of fun, and Bransby Williams recalls that he often found it hard to live up to the extravagant billing he was accorded on some overseas tours. The greatest publicity he ever achieved did not come by design. He journeyed out to New York in the *Lusitania*, when that ill-fated Cunarder won the Blue Riband with a record crossing. At the ship's concert on the last night of the voyage there were congratulations all round and high praise, in particular, for the stokers. It was then that Bransby Williams had the idea of impersonating a stoker; and so in awful clothes he appeared in the *Lusitania's* drawing-room. There were cheers for this husky-voiced Irish stoker who made a neat little speech and a collection produced £50 for his pals below decks. All went well until the purser heard there was a stoker mingling with the passengers. Bransby Williams was seized by a couple of sturdy fellows and bumped downstairs; real hard bumps. His disguise must have been perfect, for his own valet and his producer failed to recognise him. On arrival in New York the newspaper headlines proclaimed "Actor fools the Cunard officials," and no Press agent could have given

How does Runyon read with the passing years?

The answer seems to be that this American humorist, who was born in Manhattan, Kansas, in 1884, and won renown in Manhattan, New York, in the years between the wars, wrote stories that stand the test of time. His style, partly vernacular, but largely invented by himself, does not grow wearisome, except through the pen of imitators; his situations are delightful. RUNYON FROM FIRST TO LAST (Constable. 12s. 6d.), includes, as the title suggests, the very first and the very last stories written by Damon Runyon, and together with *Runyon on Broadway*, contains an almost complete edition of all the author's published tales. One of the most delightful stories is that of "Johnny One-Eye," the maimed kitten whom Rudolph the Mobster befriends while the amours of Ambrose Hammer, the lovelorn newspaper scribe, introduce some of the more incredible dolls in the well-stocked Runyon gallery.

An admirable school prize! That is the almost inevitable reflection after reading Marie McPhedran's CARGOES ON THE GREAT LAKES (Harrap. 10s. 6d.). This is the well-told story, a kind of narrative geography, of the freighters which ply on the broad waters of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron and Ontario, carrying grain from the heart of Canada to the St. Lawrence, ore from the Messabi Ridge to the great furnaces of Illinois and Indiana, cement, pulpwood, oil, and a host of other necessities for the industrial world. The presentation is simple and lively, with plenty of human interest, and the author describes with skill a last voyage from Port Arthur, the final trip before the onset of winter, showing what a frantic race against time it often is to transport the harvest of the prairies to the grain elevators of the East. Illustrations by Dorothy Ivens, and excellent maps, help along the story.

Dr. Julian Pitt Rivers has carried out a remarkable piece of anthropological research in his book THE PEOPLE OF THE SIERRA (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.). This study of a rural township in Andalusia follows a long sojourn in Alcalâ, a small, white, hilltop town. The author dissects the passionate local patriotism of the Andalusian pueblo, describes popular tradition and beliefs, the customs of courtship and marriage, local processions and bullfights, and, in fact, brings little Alcalá to life.

HORN OF THE HUNTER (Hutchinson. 16s.) is the story of an African safari. The author is Robert C. Ruark and the setting is Kenya. The safari was obviously a great success, and here, at any rate, is one hunter who has taken the trouble to find out as much as he could about the land in which he has hunted.

A dictionary of music for the young musician is a welcome production. THE OXFORD JUNIOR COMPANION TO MUSIC (Oxford University Press; London, Geoffrey Cumberlege, 35s.) is the work of Percy A. Scholes. It is meant to be used by those from the age of eight to fifteen or sixteen, and the author describes it as a volume for reference, study and recreation. There are over 3,000 entries, and a host of illustrations and musical examples.

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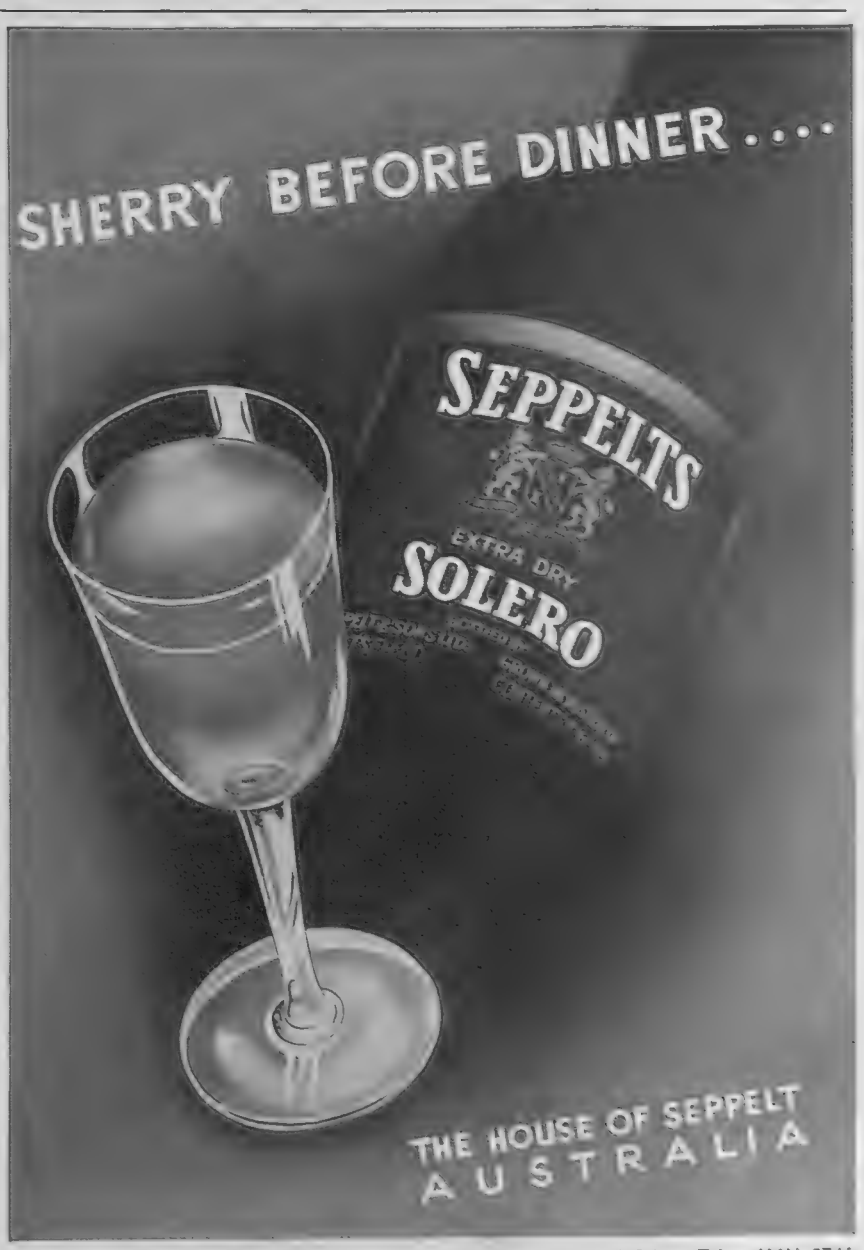

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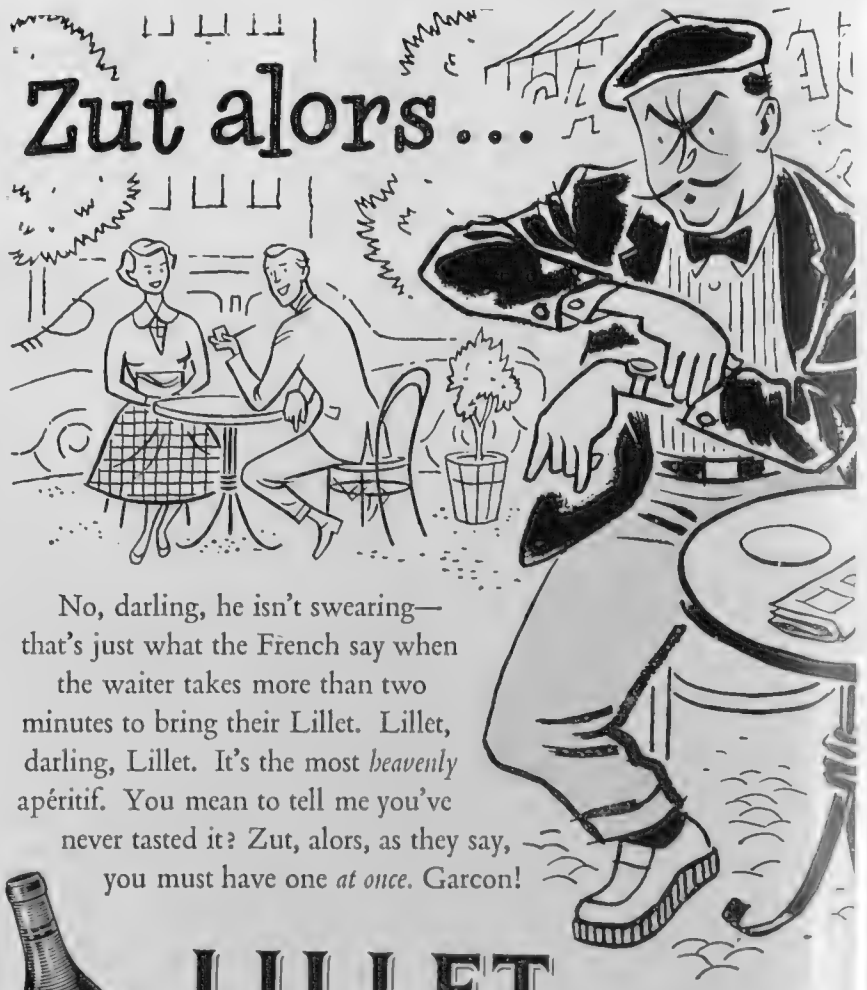

No, darling, he isn't swearing—that's just what the French say when the waiter takes more than two minutes to bring their Lillet. Lillet, darling, Lillet. It's the most *heavenly* apéritif. You mean to tell me you've never tasted it? Zut, alors, as they say, you must have one *at once.* Garcon!

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VIEW POINT

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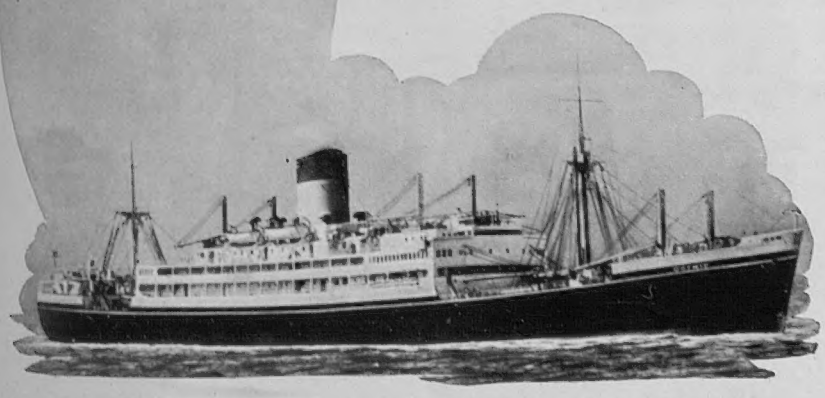

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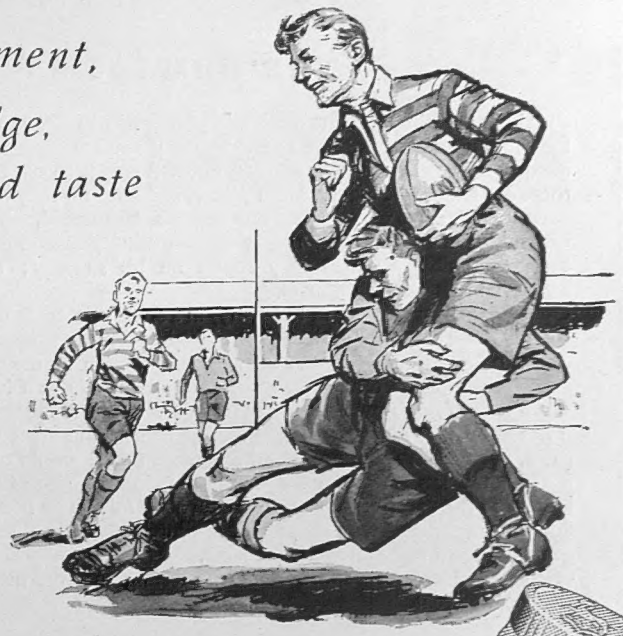

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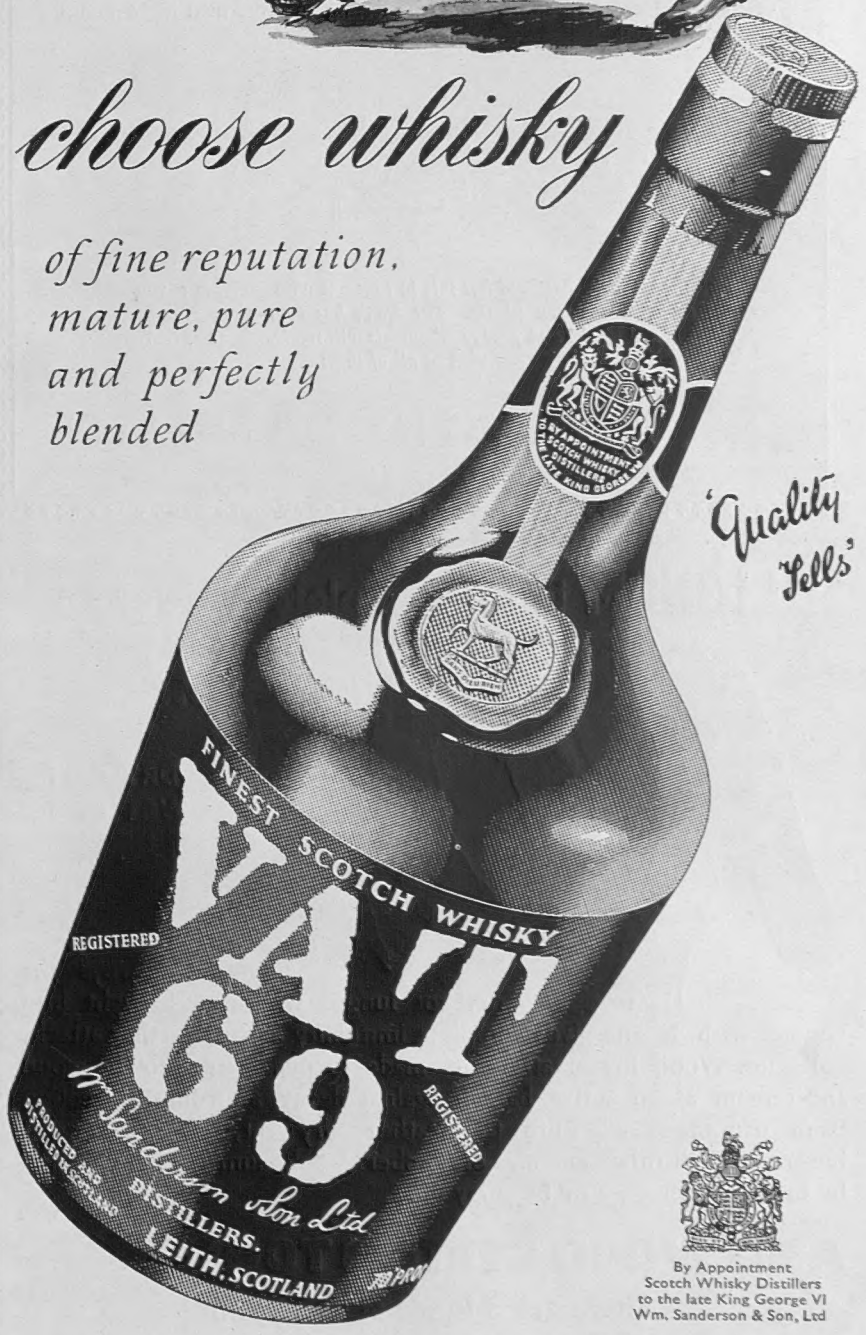

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SEPTEMBER

THE NOMADS

Partridge-shooting and the academic year begin in September; camping, for most practical purposes, ends. Tents, it must be accepted, have some disadvantages. They defy the best directed efforts to erect them, the guy ropes can seldom be adjusted to a nicety, and once up they tend to exert on cows a fascination which must, one suspects, be morbid. Their charm, to which the British holiday-maker is increasingly susceptible, lies in the extreme flexibility which they confer on his strategy; they give him the enviable status of a nomad.

Used (as they largely are in the army) in a static role, tents are inconvenient billets; the Territorial seldom feels affection for the symmetrical acres of canvas on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere—although at the end of a tiring night operation he returns to roost there as happily as a homing pigeon. But a tent of one's own gives a sense of freedom and independence, which is not altogether illusory. There are, of course, moments when its occupants, even if they will not admit it to each other, would gladly exchange it for some less impermanent accommodation; when, as the rain drums loudly on the roof, visions of the Hotel de l'Univers or the Anglers' Arms float in the darkness with an irresistible allure. But the next morning things generally seem not quite so intolerable. There is the positive satisfaction of an ordeal survived and a confident feeling that the next night things will be different.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

WHEN school holidays are over and the parental holiday season begins, rest, relaxation, comfortable quarters, good food, and a reasonable chance of late summer sunshine are the main essentials.

Though an increasing number of hotels close down at the end of September there are many which remain open not only during the autumn months but throughout the winter. Right in the forefront of such commendable enterprise is Hotel l'Horizon at St. Brelades Bay in sunny Jersey. Facing full south and with all the advantages of modern construction and equipment, Mrs. Sears, the resident managing director, writes to say that not only are they remaining open, but their resident orchestra and their high standard of catering will be fully maintained throughout the autumn and winter months. Such enterprise is worthy of support especially as the inclusive terms from November 1 range from as low as 7 guineas a week for a month's stay or longer.

Another hotel which is coming into increasing favour because of its location and a tariff designed to suit the fixed-income pocket, is the Carlton at Torquay. With most bedrooms overlooking Torbay and with every possible amenity from cocktail bar to television, the management go to any amount of trouble to make their guests comfortable and in recent months they have instituted a free car service to and from the town.

London is a source of relaxation to some parents. So while their young hopefuls will be swotting over sums, they may like to enjoy the mental relaxations of theatre and shops. For a comfortable hotel in London, not too large to be impersonal, exceedingly clean, friendly, and with good wholesome cooking—I recommend Queensberry Court Hotel, Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7. I often stay there myself, not only because of the good points I have enumerated but because of its easy access to the West End. Two minutes' walk from South Kensington and bus stop, I can be at my office in St. James's Street in a quarter of an hour. So with breakfasts served from 8 a.m. I am attending to my post and your enquiries at 8.30 a.m.!

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

ABERDOUR, FIFE. WOODSIDE HOTEL
Within easy reach of Edinburgh. Famous for comfort and a West End standard of cuisine and cellar. A good holiday base for the Firth of Forth, with Golf, Fishing, Tennis, Boating and Bathing close at hand. Tel.: Aberdour 8.

BATH. LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL
Distinctively individual, with an appeal to all, irrespective of age. Standing in own beautiful grounds. Every comfort. Rooms with private bath. Delightful cocktail bar and grill room. Lift. Garage. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Tel.: 5891.

BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL
Well spoken of always, for Service is the keynote. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full South, enjoying both sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts; Central Heating. Excellent garage facilities. Tel.: 6560.

CIRENCESTER, Glos. STRATTON HOUSE HOTEL
Cotswold charm, Country House comfort, convenient for London (main line non-stop service), centrally heated, fully licensed, and highly recommended for winter hibernation. Write for inclusive residential terms. Tel.: 835.

HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL
The only Hotel standing on the sea front that offers you 12 acres of beautiful gardens, hard and grass tennis courts, a full-length nine-hole golf course, bathing from the Hotel, plus a private bathroom to every double room.

JERSEY, C.I. HOTEL L'HORIZON (1st Reg.)
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KESWICK, LAKE DISTRICT. KESWICK HOTEL
Internationally famous on the score of location and amenities. All lakes, mountains and places of historic interest easily accessible with or without a car. Outstanding catering and service. Keswick 20.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL
celebrates its centenary this year. First on the front, it still remains in the limelight for comfort, good food, entertainment and service. Fully licensed. Ballroom. Lift. Free Golf. George D. Perl, Manager. Tel.: 7873.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class Residential Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed; phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Hard Tennis, Putting, Billiards, Central Heating throughout. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Hendon 1456.

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Overlooking one of the loveliest bays in South Cornwall, and central for touring the county. Eight acres of lovely gardens. Eighteen-hole Golf Course adjoining. Tennis, bowls, billiards. Write or phone PAR 404 for illustrated brochure.

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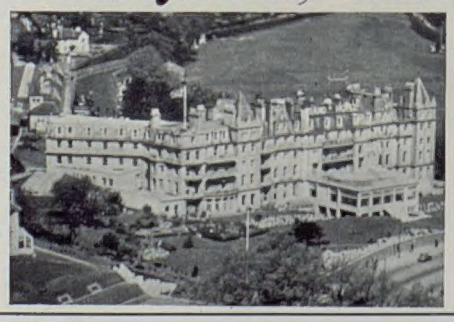

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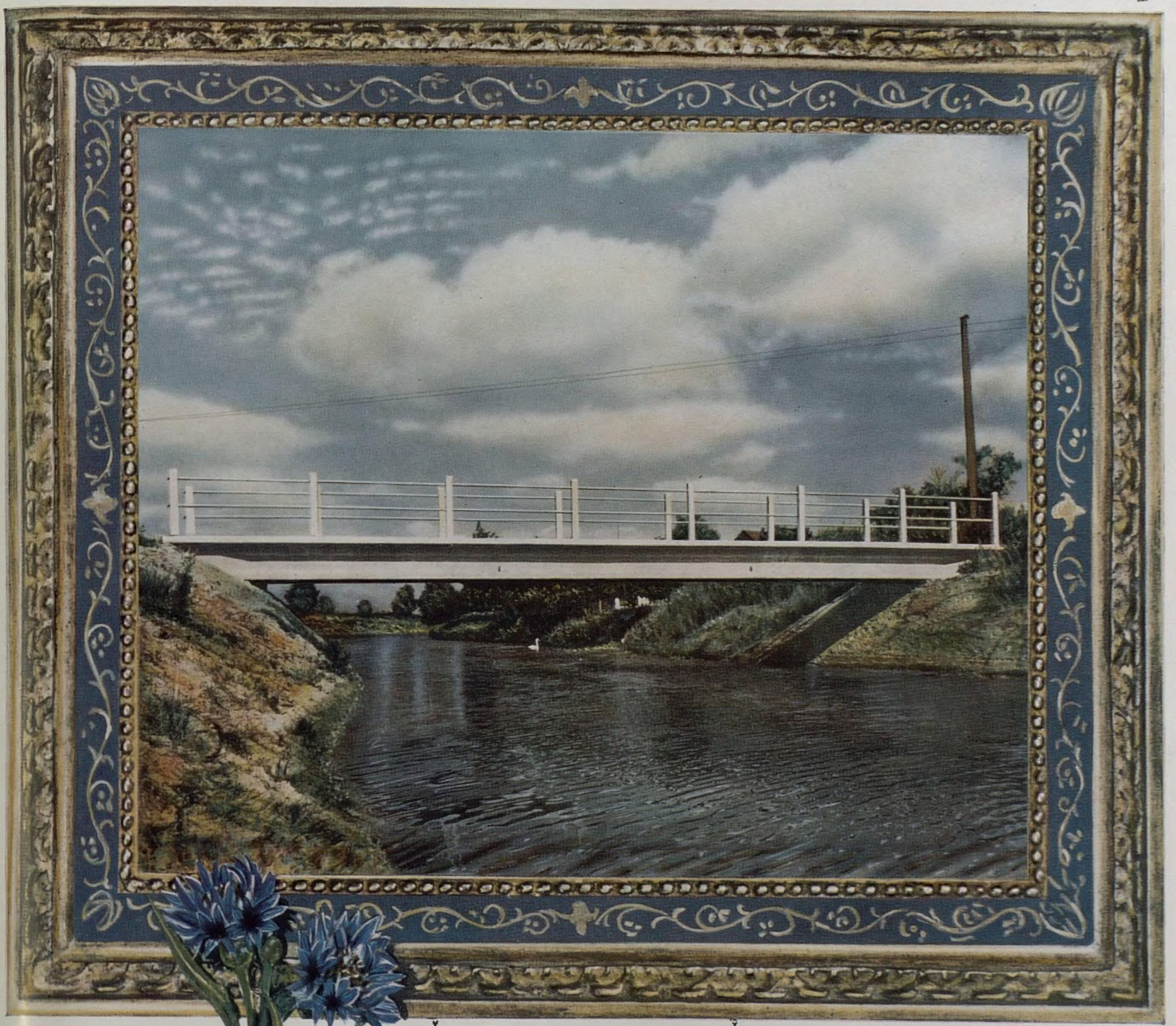

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(From Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales)

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1592

NAVY RECORDS describe the first *Eagle* as a ship of Lubeck, which ended her career in the Royal Service in 1592. Of the twenty vessels of the name to succeed the Lubecker the first of English origin was an armed East Indiaman commissioned at the turn of the 16th century: of 22 guns and 350 tons burden she must have been typical of the ships which constituted the Navy of the period. The twenty-first ship to bear the name was

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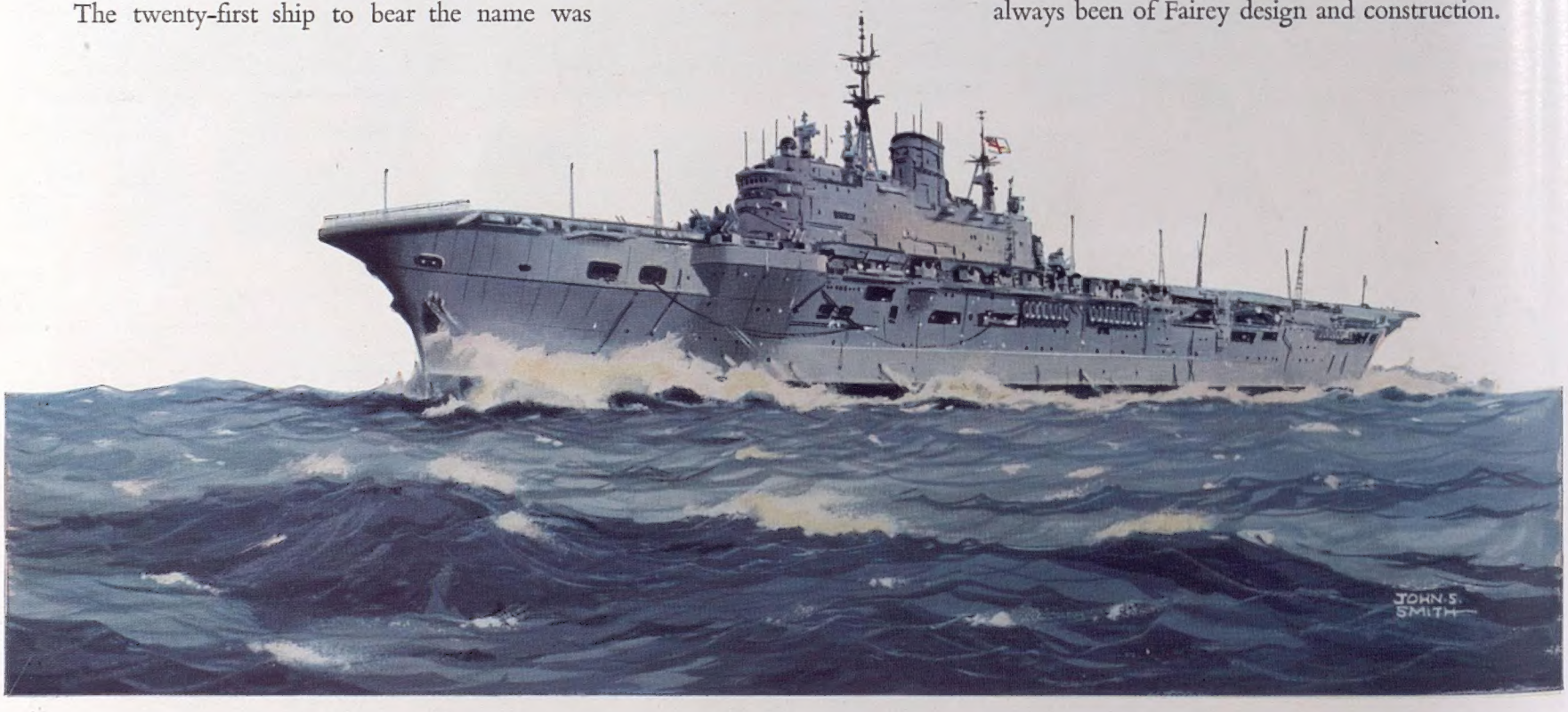
1954

launched in 1946. H.M.S. *Eagle* of today is one of the Royal Navy's new class of large fleet carriers now entering service. Displacing over 36,000 tons the new *Eagle* can operate a large complement, including Gannets, the latest and most powerful anti-submarine air weapon. Much of the Navy's striking power rests in her carriers, of whose aircraft a high proportion have always been of Fairey design and construction.



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